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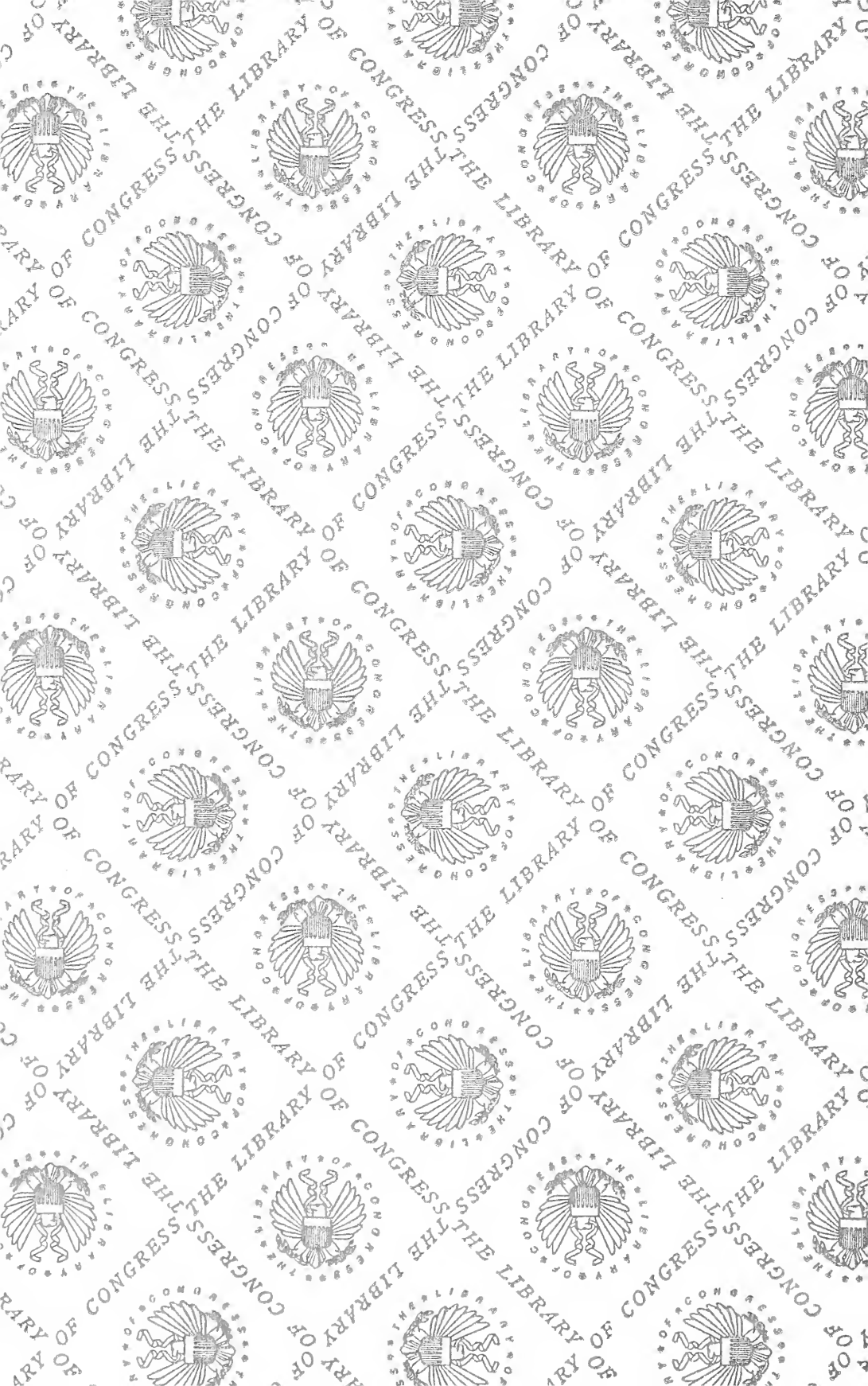
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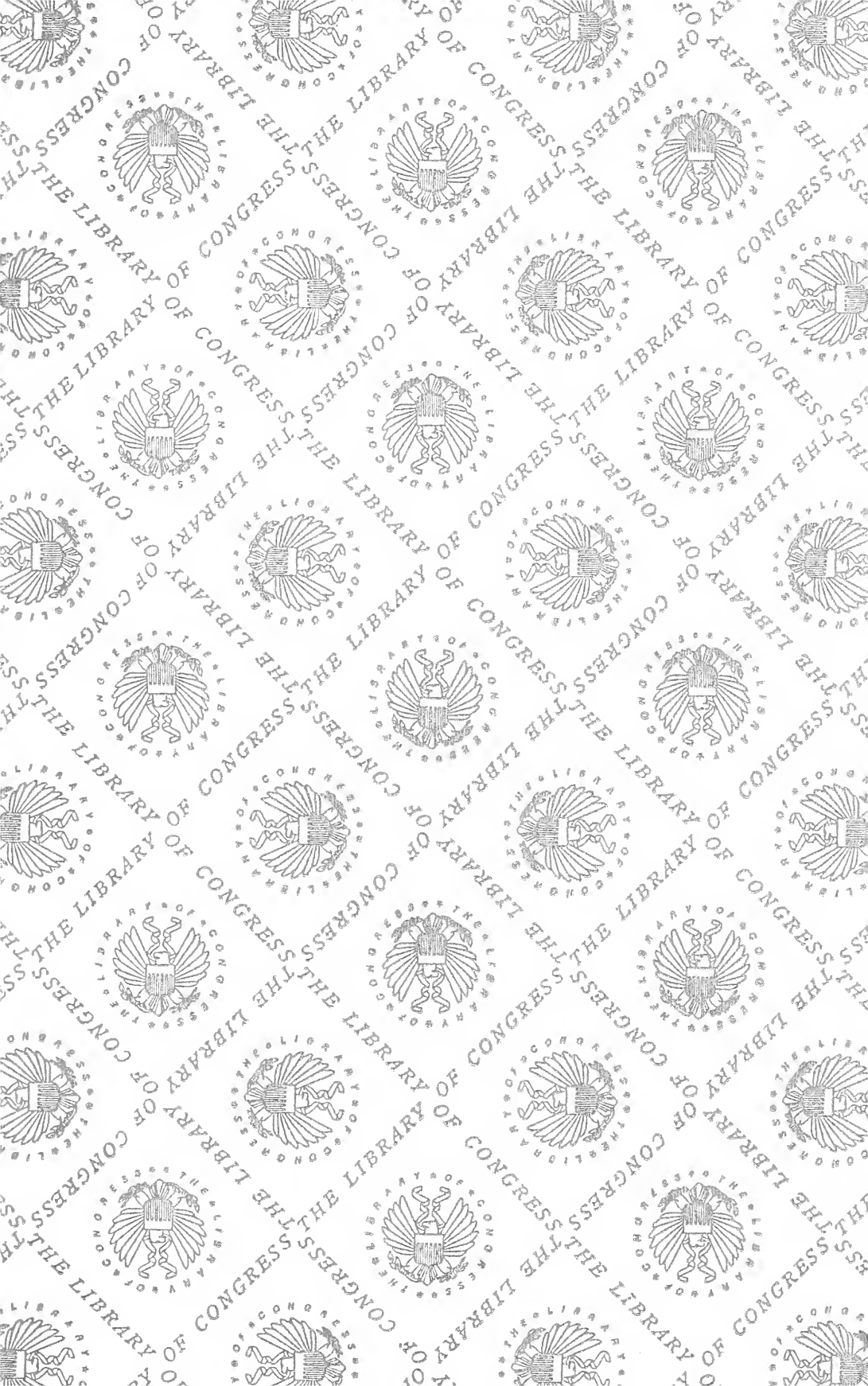
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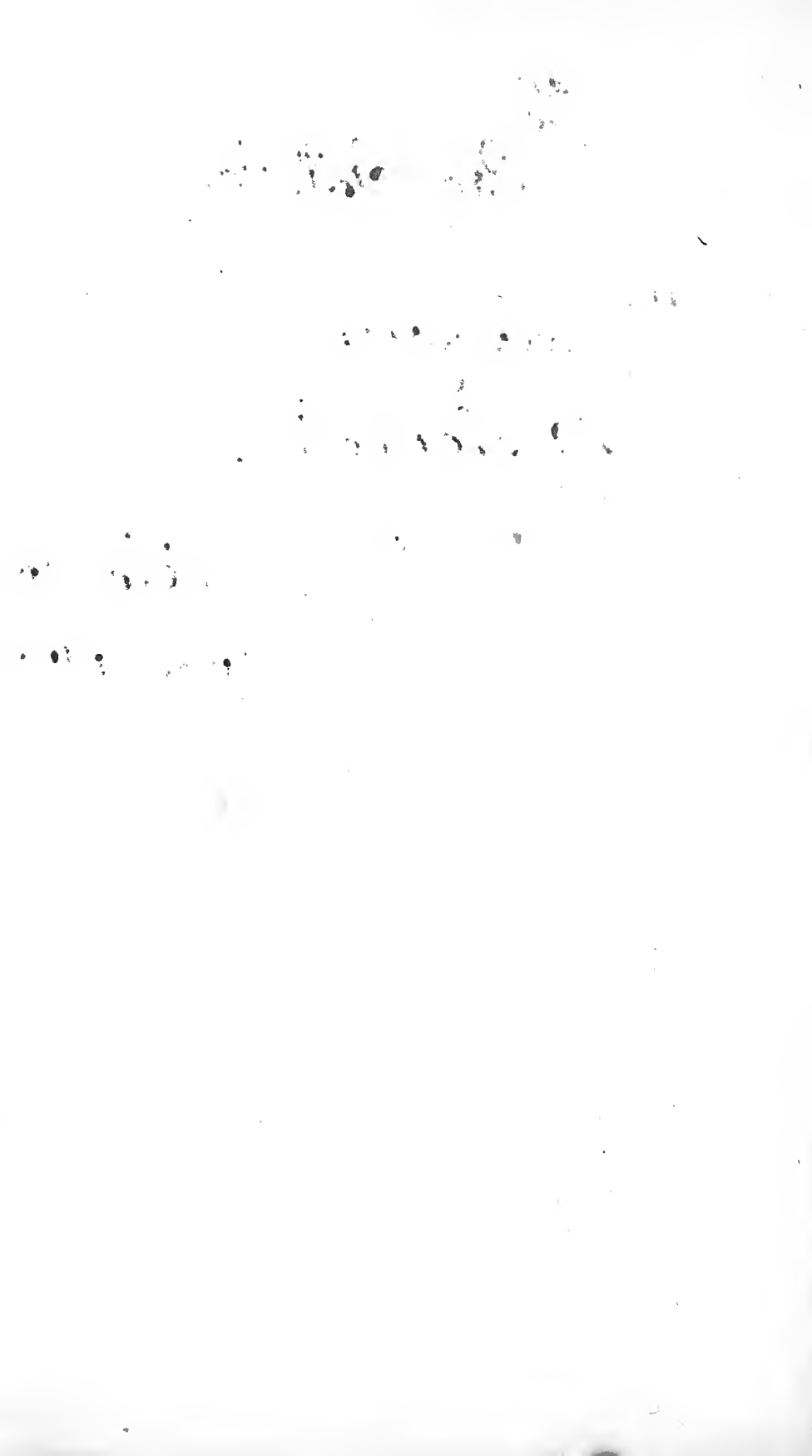




To
Prof A.R. Gage

From his friend
Dr. Audubon.

Central City Col
June 14th 76



A MONTH WITH THE MUSES,

COLORADO

TALES AND LEGENDS

OF THE EARLIER DAYS,

—IN VERSE—

—AND—

SOME FUGITIVE RHYMING LINES,

—BY—

T. O. BIGNEY, A COLORADAN.

WRITTEN, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN COLORADO.

PUEBLO, COL.:
PUBLISHED BY T. O. BIGNEY.

1875.

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CONTENTS.

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Date of Writing.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
A TALE OF BLACK HAWK IN "59"—How a wife was won—(A Miner's Story.)	March, 1875	7
A TALE OF THE INDIAN MASSACRE AT PUEBLO IN "54"—(A Ranchman's Story.)	March, 1875	19
THE "PEOPLE'S COURT",—A Tale of Quartz Hill in "Fifty-Nine,"	March, 1875	35
AN EASTERN WESTERN TALE—(Stage Driver's Story.)	March, 1875	50
A LEGEND OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,—Love and the Precious Metals	March, 1875	64
THE FIRST BABY BORN ON THE BAR,—A Breckenridge Tale of "59"—(A Miner's Story.)	March, 1875	78
A LOVER'S LEAP—A Legend of the Cucharas Valley and Sangre de Christo Range	March, 1875	84
"FIGHT IT OUT"	March, 1875	90
LOOKING OVER	March, 1875	94
COLORADO STATE	March, 1875	96
LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF FREDDIE,—a nephew aged about four years,	Feb'y, 1875	98
THE "DEAD-BEAT'S" DREAM,—Local,—Leavenworth,	— 1869	100
OUT IN THE NIGHT	— 1871	104
TO NETTIE	— 1871	107
AN ACROSTIC,—Alexandria, La.	— 1857	109
THE NATAL STAR,	— 1873	110
LINES,	— 1872	111
LITTLE ALLIE,	— 1873	112
AMNESTY	— 1872	114
AN INDIAN LEGEND OF MIDDLE PARK,—Dedicated to Wm. N. Byers, Esq.,	May, 1875	115
THE CENTENNIAL STATE TO COLUMBIA	May, 1875	123
THE PROSPECTOR'S DREAM	— 1870	127



DEDICATION.

I, an humble, but earnest and ardent, lover and friend of Colorado, do most respectfully dedicate these simple Colorado lays to

THE HONORABLE GEORGE M. CHILCOTT,
Of Pueblo,

a powerful, influential, energetic and earnest lover and friend of the new State, from the earliest Territorial days to the present time. By efficient, honest and honorable public services for years in various highly important legislative positions, and by innumerable benevolent and humane private acts and deeds, Mr. Chilcott has won the confidence and true respect of the people of Colorado, and I know his name is written in endearing characters on the fairest tablets of the hearts and homes of many of her best citizens. In view of this charming record I transcribe his name on this humble page as a charm to forbid *failure*, and to secure that which is so dear to all attempting authorship—success—the blissful caress of that capricious but very fascinating being, the PUBLIC.

T. O. BIGNEY.

Pueblo, April 2, 1875.

TALES AND LEGENDS.

A TALE OF BLACK HAWK IN "59,"

HOW A WIFE WAS WON.

(A Miner's Story.)

I rode in a car, on the narrow-gauge,
Through Clear Creek Cañon, deep and wild,
One day about three years ago,
When, as the toiling train defiled
From the deepest gorge of this grand ravine,
Near the northern fork of the sparkling stream,
A stranger, bearded, bronzed and old,
But still, without a time-worn seam
On cheek or brow, and in his eyes
The latent, smouldering, ardent fires,
That speak the man of passion deep,
And wild, intense desires,
Approached my seat, and then sat near,
And soon began, in a friendly way,
To talk of the olden times in these hills,
When placer mining had its day.

"I was a miner here, in 'fifty-nine,'
And washed much gold from the sand
Of the northern fork of this same Clear Creek,"
Said he, "but I understand
The pay ground there is all worked out;
But that quartz from the lodes in the hills
Still yield the precious, glittering dust
When crushed in stamping mills.

"I learn that a thriving town has been built
'Long the base of the Bobtail hill,
I'm on my way to this Black Hawk burg
To see if my cabin stands still;
It stood in the gulch, not far from the point
Where the Bobtail lode was found.
I'd many a claim in these early days,
And plenty of rich pay ground,
But I abandoned all one fearful day
In the winter of 'fifty-nine',
And, friend, if you care to listen awhile,
My tale of this day shall be thine.
I like your ways my stranger friend,
And I long to talk of that day,
Although the strangest of all my life,
So come with me, I pray."

The train had reached old Black Hawk town,
I was charmed by the stranger's pleasing mien,
And glad to hear a weird tale
Of some old tragic mining scene,
So I quickly said my time was his;

And then up Gregory Gulch we strayed,
 The old man wondering at the change
 That time and toil around had made.
 At length he paused—his gaze was fixed,—
 We stood beside a cabin old;
 “This once was mine,” he sadly said;
 And there the following tale was told:

“’Twas a lovely day in early Spring—
 A radiant halo crowned the hills,
 Of beauteous sunbeams, heavenly, bright;
 The melody of rills
 Just freed from Winter’s icen thrall,
 Filled the shimmering air,
 And warmth, and beauty, lingered round
 The cañon everywhere,
 When I began to hew the logs,
 From mountain pine trees tall,
 From which I built this cabin old:—
 I readily recall
 The glowing thoughts, the wealth of hope,
 That thrilled my heart the while,
 For all around gleamed golden sands,
 And Fortune seemed to smile.

“The cabin soon was built, and then
 My mining toil began:—
 Ten thousand men now worked the gulch,
 With hopeful pick and pan.

“I wrought with might, was cheered by luck,
 And soon had ‘piles’ of ‘dust’;

It seemed that Fortune's choicest gifts
Were in my pathway thrust !

" I was not young in 'fifty-nine' ;
But time had left no scars,
Although I'd battled desperately
In life's severest wars ;
Hot, youthful blood, boiled no more,
In arteries or vein,
But still I had a youthful frame,
And hopeful heart and brain.

* * * * *

" Well, one day, in summer time,—
A day remembered well—
The air was sweet as maiden's breath,
When Love's emotions swell
Her glowing bosom, white and pure
As infant's smiling dream ;
The sun rays on the hills around
Shone like a 'brilliant's' gleam :
There came among us on the bar,
A youth of comely mien ;
His form was slight, but lithe and firm,
His eyes blue-black and keen ;
His close-cropped hair was dark as night,
His cheeks a ruddy brown,
And round and full, and guiltless still
Of manhood's earliest down.

" He wore a plainsman's buckskin suit,
A hat of coarsest felt,

A pair of 'navies' and a knife
Were hanging at his belt.

"Before the night closed in, he bought
A paying 'claim' of mine
And paid the cash. To 'wet' the trade
I ordered in the wine;
So, in this cabin down we sat
To this, and mountain fare;
I gave him of my couch that night
A liberal, welcome share.

"He shared the shelter of this roof
And 'bach'd' with me until
He built himself a cabin near
The base of Gregory Hill.

"He worked his 'claim' with much success,
And toiled with strength and skill;
In all he undertook he showed
A strong and steadfast will.

"He was reserved,—a quiet youth,
Who seldom sought the crew
In bar-rooms and in gambling hells;
But for sound reasons, true,
Many knew he would game high
At 'faro' and at 'pool';
At 'poker,' too, he seemed to bet
By some unfailing rule.

"For he was never known to lose,
And he always freely gave

An opponent, no matter who,
The 'revenge' that he might crave.

"I, too, gamed high in 'fifty-nine',
And played with nerve and skill;
I had the gamester's greed and heart,
Besides an iron will.

* * * * *

"Well, Summer and Autumn passed away,
And stern old Winter, grim and hoar,
Chilled the flow in the mountain veins,
And stilled the torrent's roar.

"And stayed the search for virgin gold
In Clear Creek's sparkling sand,
And clothed the hills in pearly garbs
By the touch of his icen wand!

"The sturdy miners in Gregory Gulch
Passed many an idle day,
While the stout old King of frosts and storms
Ruled with relentless sway.

"Some whiled the hours with tale and song,
And more with the fiery draught
Which burns the brain to a blacken'd crisp,
When the throat has deeply quaffed!

"And others steeped their souls in play—
Myself among this class—
Until each heart was cold and hard
As bars of frozen brass!

“ This youth, too, often deeply played ;
 This he could scarcely shun,
For many claimed a ‘ sweet revenge ’,
 And still he always won.

“ I also played with wondrous luck,
 And won much glittering ‘ dust ’ ;
So far, I had not ‘ chanced ’ this youth,
 But now I felt I must.

“ So, one bleak day, storms yelled around,
 The air was blind with rage !
I hailed him from this cabin door
 And dared him to engage
With me in some light betting game,
 To while the tedious day ;
He came beneath this cabin roof,
 Then we began to play.

“ The game was ‘ poker ’. First the stakes
 Were trifling sums of ‘ dust ’ ;
But I resolved to win the gold
 That luck had blindly thrust
In this boy’s pockets, and his pouch,
 So I increased the stakes :—
He met my ‘ brags ’ without demur,
 And winning, coolly rakes
The glittering ‘ dust ’ toward his ‘ pile ’
 With firm and steady hand,
Then dealt the cards with quiet care,
 And waited my command.

“ Again I waged a heavy stake—
A ‘pile’ of precious gold,—
Again he won; for many hours
Our play was high, and bold!

“ And yet he won; his youthful mien
Was calm as moonlit lake;
And he always met, without demur,
My heaviest golden stake.

“ My nerves were stout, my will was firm;
But passion’s biting fires
Were burning in my feverish brain,
And wild and fierce desires
Were swaying nerve, and will, and mind!
I could not curb their power;
But still I played this desperate game,—
A fortune lost each hour!

“ The coolness of this beardless boy
Increased my passions wild;
His brain seemed cool, his nerves were firm,
His mien still calm and mild.

“ At length I held four kings—a hand
The best in all the ‘pack’,
Except but one, so I felt sure
I’d win my treasure back.

“ I curbed awhile the passions’ flame
Burning in my brain;
Then from my pouch took all my gold,

And staked it, every grain,
Ten thousand dollars, all in 'dust' !
It was a goodly 'pile'.
Meantime the youth raised up his cards,
As cool as ice the while,
And calmly said, 'I'll see that stake',—
'Count down the gold,' I cry ;
'Of course, and would ten thousand more ;
But I will not bet so high
When holding sure the winning hand !'
He then four aces spread
Upon the board ; 'this wins the stakes,
I think,' he coolly said !

"And then the fires in my heart,
The flames within my brain,
Burned loose the bands that bound my nerves,
So will could not sustain
The fearful shock that passions gave
To manhood, and I fell
Beneath the blow, and then arose
A demon fresh from hell !

"'Touch not that gold, my precious youth,'
I madly, fiercely cried !
'Why not ? I've won ; 'tis mine, I think' ;
He quietly replied.
'Because you are a thief !' I yelled,
'And stole the winning hand ;
But still you shall not steal my gold
While I a live man stand !'

“ His brown cheek paled, his bosom swelled ;
Signs of fear, thought I ;
But soon these passed, and then I saw
True courage in his eye !

“ ‘ You’ll take that back—and I the stake,
I trust ;—you are too wise
To let a youngster, like myself,
Cheat before your eyes ;
Besides, you are not cool just now,
You talk quite wild and bold ’ ;
And, while he spoke, he reached a hand
To gather up the gold.
I then my navy pistol drew !
His from the scabbard flashed !
Together through the stifled air
Two deadly missiles crashed.

“ He fell—sank down upon the floor,
Without a groan or cry ;
I was not hit, but boldly stood
With murder in my eye !

“ The sounds of shots soon drew a crowd :
One said the boy had swooned,
And knelt beside him, and began
To search for hurt or wound.
The woolen shirt he kindly drew
Back from the throbbing breast,
And ’neath this garb was ’mazed to find
A rich and silken vest.

“With careful touch he drew this back,
Then, wildly gazed around,—
‘A WOMAN here, by God’! he cried,
‘And with a deadly wound!’”

* * * * *

The stranger now seemed strongly moved,
And ceased the thrilling tale awhile,
And gazed around the cabin wall,
And then with curious smile
He said, “perhaps you’d care to know
The fate of the wounded girl
Whom we left bleeding on the floor,
Her brain in frenzy’s whirl!
I told you early in this tale
That on a fearful day
I left the gulch; but did not say
I bore with me away
The bleeding, almost lifeless form
Of a woman, very fair,
Whom I had shot in a gaming quarrel;
But this I now declare!

“There was no surgeon in the gulch
This early, and to find
The care such fearful wound must have,
I quickly, in my mind,
Decided I would bear her down
To Denver, on the Platte;
With twelve stout miners as my aids
I soon accomplished that.

“The surgeon’s skill, her pure, young blood,
And Colorado air,
Soon healed the dangerous bullet wound
In her bosom pure and fair.

Meantime a wound, that would not heal,
Had festered in my heart,
Which I must bear, without complaint,
Until life may depart!

* * * * *

“One day when she had grown quite well,
And very fair likewise,
She spoke of that last fearful game,
With passion in her eyes!
She said, ‘you never claimed ‘revenge’.
And you know I ne’er refuse,
And will not now, I promise you,
So take it, if you choose.’

“I chose, and took the fair ‘revenge’,
And found it sweet, indeed;
That miner proved as true a wife
As ever man could need!

“There’d been storms in the life of each, we knew,
But we felt, no stain or shame,
And so agreed to bury the past
In the grave of our wooing game.

“But I could not resist the curious charm
That lured me, this summer day,

To come up here, as you see me now,
And kneel and deeply pray
That the sin of the passions, fierce and wild,
That burned in my heart that day,
May be washed with the tears I am shedding now,
For ever and ever away."

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MASSACRE AT PUEBLO,
IN 1854.

(*A Ranchman's Story.*)

Pueblo, to-day, is pleasant and fair—
A city whose progress will fairly compare
With western cities everywhere:—
The vale of the Arkansas river so great,
Flowing grandly and swiftly through many a State,
Is the site of this city,—peaceful to-day,
'Though often the scene of bloodiest fray
In the earlier times, before the reigns
Of Peace and Progress beyond the "plains".
And the old-time men of the Arkansas vale
Tell many a strange and thrilling tale
Of these earlier days, when trapping was done,
Before Pike's Peak gold hunting begun
And peopled the valleys and mountains around;
The years when Indians claimed all the ground,
And questioned the right of "whites" who dare
Invade their boundaries anywhere.

(2)

There were wars, and murders, and bloody affrays
'Tween Indians and "whites" in these border days;
And the theme of this budget of simplest rhymes
Is one of these frays of the olden times:
This was a terrible, murderous fight,
'Tween the Utes and their foes, a Christmas night
In "fifty-four"; the scene of the fray
A border plaza,—Pueblo to-day,—
And a ranchman told this tale of blood
As he stood by this river's rippling flood:

THE RANCHMAN'S STORY.

Near a thousand miles from the "Rockies" bold,
(This river flowing by),
The Arkansas is a mighty stream
On which great steamers ply,—
 Spacious structures, built for speed
 To match the swiftest racing steed.

These gaudy, gorgeous, treacherous ships,
 Before the rail king's sway,
Conveyed most travelers of the time
 In a speedy, pleasant way,
 Along each deep and trusty tide
 That crossed this land so fair and wide.

'Bout a score of fleeting years ago,
 This river, through the State
Which bears its name, bore on its breast,
 In numbers very great,
 These palaces by steam impelled,—
 A power man ALONE has quelled.

These gaudy ships were always manned
 By bold and venturous crews,
 Charmed by risks, and never known
 To willingly refuse
 A challenge fair to match their boat,
 In speed, 'gainst any craft afloat.

And so a race of "steamers" swift
 Was, in this earlier year,
 Upon this river an event
 Quite likely to appear,
 With heavy stakes risked by each crew,
 And often by the travelers, too.

In these, excitement, strange and fierce,
 Would seize the brains of all,
 And danger, in its wildest form,
 Would not one heart appall:—
 Danger from the seething steam,
 And from the deep, relentless stream!

One day from Little Rock "backed out"
 The brilliant "Fairy Dell";—
 I listened to her throbbing steam
 And to her parting bell,
 With feelings deep, for she bore away
 Friends loved well, this summer day.

These were a wedding party bright;
 The bride, a charming girl,
 Rear'd carefully and tenderly,

Away from Fashion's whirl,—
A beauteous, winning, loving maid,
In virtue's chastest garbs arrayed.

The bridegroom was a stout young man,
His heart was staunch and true,
And his love for the trusting, loving maid,
Was very strong, I knew;—
A passion deep—an ardent flame
Worthy of Love's most sacred name.

Adown the river's glowing tide
The steamer steamed along;
The sable "hands" on the lower deck
Chanted a weird song,
And pleasure's fairest, sweetest song,
Thrilled two hearts thus borne along.

The wedding passed but an hour brief
Before the party sailed
For New Orleans, and the honey-moon;
'Twas just that joy prevailed
In the hearts of the wedded this fair hour,—
Love gratified, is a charming power.

And still adown the glowing tide
The steamer steamed along;
The sable "hands" on the lower deck
Still sang their weird song,
Still pleasure's song in those hearts was
sung,
When the steamer's bell was keenly rung.

'Twas a signal that a rival boat
Was flying down the stream,—
The “Flying Cloud”—her timbers thrilled
By furious force of steam;
And now the exciting cry—“A race!”
Sent heated blood to every face.

The captain stout of the “Fairy Dell”—
A daring, 'venturous man—
Stood on the hurricane deck of his boat
And skilfully did scan
The rival boat, and rushing tide
There flowing swiftly, deep and wide;

And then he signaled,—“Crowd on steam”,
To the engineer below:—
Fierce, sudden throbs, of the engine's heart,
Its fire's burning glow,
Showed this sign was answered well
By the fiery heart of the “Fairy Dell”.

The sun sank down with ominous glow;
A night of gloom closed in;
And still these fire and water fiends,—
Their shrieks a horrid din—
Raced on; their engines' fiery glare
Piercing afar the startled air.

About one hundred sinful souls
Freighted the “Fairy Dell”;
What strange emotions freighted these souls

No mortal tongue could tell,
Though wild, intense and fierce desires
Burned in some hearts like the engines' fires !

An hour passed since night closed in—
A wild, exciting hour,—
When the fiery heart of "Fairy Dell"
Crashed by some desperate power ;
Its throbbings ceased—that heart is broke
By the force of the steam fiend's wildest
stroke.

The horrid wail of this broken heart
Was a fearful, hellish sound :—
'Neath the force of that stroke the "Fairy Dell"
Sprang with a deadly bound
High in the stifling, seething air,
Then sank in a gulf of dark despair.

Up in this air and down in this gulf
Went ninety human souls ;
O'er these and the wreck of the "Fairy Dell"
The treacherous river rolls.
Ten wretched lives were barely saved ;
'Mong these the bridegroom wildly raved.

He never knew how he escaped
With life this fearful night ;
For weeks his mind from this dread shock
Did not recover quite.
And all the time he searched the tide,
With ample aid, for the corse of his bride.

But all in vain! the cruel flood
Would not give up the prize,—
And still it flowed on pleasantly,
In peaceful, gentle guise.
This loss from his life took every charm,
His grief was a blasting, lasting storm.

And soon toward the setting sun
A wanderer he strayed;
But keeping always near the stream
Whose waters claimed this maid,—
His wife by every sacred right
Except that of the bridal night!

Westward, along the Arkansas,
Toward the "Rockies" high
He wandered all the Autumn days;
And, when Christmas was nigh,
He sought Pueblo's plaza fair,
Intending then to winter there.

So, as this festal night approached,
Of Christmas, "fifty-four",
He and a friend rode in the town
And at the "trading store"
Found entertainment for the night;
All seemed secure and peaceful, quite.

'Twas known the Utes were hostile then,
That war bands roamed around
Ready to slay defenceless "whites",

When any such were found,
But seldom did the fiends appear
Where any armed white men were near.

At the plaza were more than a score of men,
Women and children, too,
Mostly Mexicans from the south—
Catholics good and true ;
So there were festal scenes that night
And many an ancient, sacred rite.

No thought of danger marred these scenes—
No dread of savage foe ;
And so, at length, repose was sought ;
Each fire's watchful glow
Was darkened, and no guardian sound
Was heard throughout the plaza's ground.

The wanderer and his friend did seek,
Quite early, needed sleep,
And much before the "noon of night",
In slumber, calm and deep,
Reposed their souls ; still, in a dream,
The bridegroom search'd the passing stream.

Searched for the corse of the wedded maid—
A wild hope in his heart,—
In the dream he clasped her beauteous form :
Then wakened, with a start,
To hear despairing, dying cries,
And see the glare of fiendish eyes.

The murderous shriek of deadly balls ;
The "whoop", most drear and wild,
Of a hundred murderous, fiendish Utes ;
The screams of many a child,
And moans of women dying near,
Blent in one fearful wail of fear.

The fiends soon lighted fiery flames
Whose horrid, blasting glare
Revealed most desperate, bloody scenes
Around the plaza square ;
Scenes of massacres, and blood,
Now in pools, then in a flood.

The Mexicans fought desperately,
Though neither cool or skilled ;—
They were suprised, and still they fought
Until each man was killed.
The few old trappers at the post
Were brave enough to fight a host.

These fought with coolness, matchless skill !
Against most desperate odds ;
With courage of that truest kind—
Inspired by the gods ;
Still all but three of these were slain,
While carnage held such fearful reign.

The wanderer and his trusted friend
Fought coolly side by side ;
Each had deep and dangerous wounds

From which the crimson tide
 Flowed freely,—still they did not fall,
 Still sped the deadly rifle ball.

Their purpose was to gain the bank
 Of the river flowing past,
And in the shade of shrubbery there
 Escape the foe at last :
 But hark ! a woman's piercing scream
 Is heard near the bank of the rippling stream.

'Twas a cry for help, in pleading tones,
 Which touched the wanderer's ear
With deepest interest, and his heart
 With a thrill akin to fear ;
 Not for the foe—this he defied,—
 But that cry recalled his dream and bride.

Again that cry, and on they sped ;
 Nothing could restrain
These men from rushing to the aid
 (Not e'en wounds' keenest pain)
 Of a woman threatened by the ills
 Of torture, planned by fiendish wills.

And soon the fire's devouring flames—
 A lurid, fitful light—
Revealed a woman, struggling near,
 In most unequal fight,
 With two wild, frightful Indian brutes ;—
 Beastly, lecherous, murdering Utes !

With speedy, certain, deadly aim,
Two rifle balls are sped;
Two hideous forms leap in the air,
Then strike the earth, stone dead!
The wanderer grasped the woman's form
And fled away from a leaden storm.

The bottom's sheltering grove is gained;
Here darkness reigns around—
A welcome shade, to aid escape
'Till certain aid is found.
The rescued woman now had swooned,
But was free, thank God, from hurt or wound.

Not so the wanderer's faithful friend;
One missile of the storm
Which bursted when he fled away,
Pierced his bosom warm,
Deep to the heart's true, loving core,
And all his pains in life were o'er.

No time to rescue fallen friend,
Nor to avenge his fall,
For still the murderous fiends were near
And chance for life was small.
Not his alone—the woman died
If he sank 'neath this fearful tide.

But he was staunch and stout, I ween,
And the female form he held
Seemed wondrous precious to his heart,

Tho' he had not beheld
Her face, e'en by the lurid light
That pierced the air this fatal night!

And she was lifeless still; the swoon
Was lasting and profound.
Still with her in his sturdy arms,
Despite his bleeding wound,
With cautious steps he moved away,
Praying for help and the light of day.

And down the river's bank he moved
'Neath shade of shrub and tree,
He crossed the Fountain, and at last
Felt safer and more free;
And so, with water from this stream,
Dispelled the woman's swooning dream.

She breathed! she lived! and loved again—
Her God, her life, his heart;
For bending o'er her tenderly,
Acting a savior's part,
Was he most loved, revered—her life;
She was his lost and rescued wife!

She dare not utter word or cry,
But breathed his loving name;
That whispered sound pierced his heart,
Like ray of passion's flame,
Unto its core. "She lives!" he cries,
"My bride, my life's most precious prize!"

The direful sounds of murdering strife,
The glare of treacherous fires
Were all unheeded ; in this hour
Love's purest, sweet desires
Dispelled all thoughts but those of joy,
That, death alone, could quite destroy.

And this was just ; a BRIDAL NIGHT
Should overflow with joy,—
The brightest pleasures should attend,
And not a pain annoy.
And was not this a bridal night?
A joyous one?—though not o'er bright.

This night, so fraught with strange events,
Slowly passed away ;
The foe departed with its shades,
And with the light of day
Aid and shelter soon were found—
His wounds of heart and flesh all bound.

Her wonderous story of escape
Was told, midst smiles and and tears,
To loving, thankful, blissful ears:—
A tale of harrowing fears—
Strangest rescue—desperate flight
From haunts most vile—a life's worst blight.

The night the "Fairy Dell " blew up,
A roving, warlike band
Of young Apache Indian braves

Were near the river's strand
Attracted, by the flame and sound,
This lingered near, 'till she was found.

She cannot tell how from the boat
She reached the dreadful stream
From which the Indians rescued her;—
Her life was but a dream,—
A fevered, sickening, frightful dream,
For days—without one hopeful gleam.

And when her mind was clear again,
Disease, and grief, and pain
Assailed her with most direful force,
Their tortures burned her brain—
And still she lived.—Meantime the band
Had reached its tribe, in a distant land.

She soon discovered this to be
New Mexico, and here
She cherished one sweet dream of hope
(Though all seemed hopeless, drear)
That HE still lived to love and save:—
God was good! and HE was brave.

Months sped on—her health improved,
But illness fierce was feigned;
She knew her fate, with health restored,
(Unless she freedom gained)
She must a brutal chieftain wed:—
Her fate—the stake, or his marriage bed.

The ruse of illness served her well:—

One night, of gloom and storm,
Her savage guards released their care;
So she, without alarm,
Fled from the camp, out in the night;
The storm and darkness favoring flight.

Tortured by hunger, thirst and fear,

Three days she wandered on;
At length she reached a Trading Post—
Freedom and life were won!
The men at the Post were rude, but kind,
Relieved her wants and soothed her mind.

A freighting train from this far post—

A ponderous oxen train—
Soon northward moved; with this she came
To the Arkansas again;
With this she camped, this fitful night,—
With fear so dark and joy so bright.

I need not tell she suffered worlds—

From grief, disease and fear,—
The months passed with the savage tribe,
With but one hope to cheer,
And this a vague, uncertain dream;
Only one ray of a bright hope-beam.

But come down to my ranche some day

And she will tell you all
Her wonderous story of those times;—

I know she can recall
Each incident and thought to mind,
And she'll tell the story well, you'll find.

She's my wife, you see; since that night
Of carnage in this vale
We've lived along quite pleasantly,
(Have children stout and hale)
And always near the river here—
It fosters memories bright and dear.

Some maxims, very old and true,
This tale confirms, it seems:—
"All that's in danger is not lost!"
"There's something true in dreams!"
"The search for what is lost should be
Near where the thing was lost," you see;

And, "Never quite give up the ship,"
How fierce so e'er the blast;
"Hope on, hope ever!" "Fight it out,"
You'll surely win at last;
"A wife may be a maiden!" too,
"Be always staunch and always true!"



THE "PEOPLE'S COURT".

A TALE OF QUARTZ HILL IN "FIFTY-NINE".

Quartz Hill looks down on two fair "towns",
Now with smiles, and then with frowns;—
Smiles, when the summer gladness brings,
And frowns, when winter fiercely flings
His icen garb of frosts and chills
O'er all, replete with shivering ills;
And smiles, too, when its mines of gold
Yield bounteously to the miners bold;
And frowns, when the cry of "cap" is made,
And naught but ores of the lowest grade
Are raised from shaft, or drift, or stope,
And the miner's yield is chiefly—hope.
This hill is a stronghold, fully stored
With golden ore—a ponderous hoard:—
Wealth for a million 'neath the soil,
To be won by the sturdy sons of toil;
And the sands of this hill, in the early day,
Were "washed" for "dust" and yielded "pay",
And still a "color" will always be found
In each panful of its surface ground.

The towns along the base of the hill,
In the gulches near—which they fairly fill—
Are, Central—thrifty, wealthy and proud,
Although not beauteous, justly allowed

A place in the ranks, so very fair,
Of first-class cities everywhere
Among the mountains, amidst the mines,
Where Colorado's bright sun shines ;
And then Nevada, with many mills,
Where the "thud" of the falling "stamp" quite fills
The air with ponderous, crashing notes,—
The bass of the ore mills' metal throats,
Which grandly accords with the treble high
Of the whistling steam from the engines nigh!
And many a shaft-house, over mines
Down a thousand feet in the dark confines
Of rock-bound "lodes", filled with the quartz
Which to the hill its name imparts,—
Rich in gold and silver bright,
Very fair to the covetous sight.

But to the tale: The scene is laid
On the eastern slope of the hill, where the grade
Toward Spring Gulch gently inclines,
Then taken up by the placer mines.
The time was in Autumn, in "fifty-nine",
That year whose annals still brightly shine
With tales of adventure, wild and bold,
(Nine-tenths of which are still untold);
That year when "Pike's Peak's" tempting star
First shone o'er the countries near and far
With golden radiance, wondrous bright,
Which dazzled strangely the hopeful sight
Of thousands on thousands of venturous men,
From many lands, who dream'd that when
They would reach the land beyond the "plains"

They could load their "packs" with golden grains.
Such 'wilderling dreams were not fulfilled;
Still, many a buckskin pouch was filled
With glittering "dust", in "fifty-nine"—
The yield of the gulch and the placer mine.

Among the thousands mining there
(Sluicing the ground with skill and care,
Working with "rocker", "pick", and "pan",
Adopting each measure, means, and plan
Known to miners for "saving" gold)
Was a man from the "States"; so reckless and bold
He was named by the miners, "Dare Devil Bill",
And shunned, because ready to quarrel and kill.
The years of his life were scarce twenty-eight;
His form, like a pine tree, stately and straight,
And firm, and agile,—tendon and nerve
And muscles showing the sweep and the curve
That outline manly strength and grace;
With perfect limbs and handsome face,
And bright gray eyes, and dark brown hair,—
In manly beauty few could compare
With "Dare Devil Bill"—reckless and bold,
Often with wildest passions controlled!

That fiendish foe of the human race
Which blackens the heart and robs the face
Of its fairest lines, had reached the hills,
And brought therein its basest ills!—
The "Bottle Fiend" held revelries there
That poisoned the healthful mountain air
And crazed the brains of the sons of toil;
Besides, the gamesters treacherous coil

'Twined round full many a manly soul
And gained o'er these complete control.

A willing victim Bill became
Of both these fiends, and the passion's flame
That burned with ardor his fevered brain—
Its fires, increased by these ills, did gain
A mastery, quite, o'er his mind and will,
And he became more desperate still!
At length his hour of evil came:—
He engaged in a reckless gambling game
With a sportsman, famous far and near,
For his skill at cards and his lack of fear.
Scarce an hour pass'd before Bill had lost
His all of gold, but the winning cost
The "sport" his life, though cool and skilled
In the use of weapons, and well drilled
In the art of taking human life
In deadly, desperate, personal strife:
Before he could draw his pistol, true,
"Dare Devil's" ball had pierced him through!
His nerve and skill counted as naught
'Gainst a brain with fiercest passions fraught,
And arms of wondrous strength, combined
With motion swift as a gleam of the mind,
And steady and firm as the rod of steel
Which binds wild steam to the engine wheel.

And now a human life he had ta'en,
And his was forfeit for that of the slain;
And speedily the debt must be paid,
For the laws of the "People's Court" were obeyed
Without such delays, as too often retard

The rulings of legal courts, which guard
The lives and chattels of the people, where
The laws are framed by statesmen rare;
And in the mines, in the Pike's Peak land
In "fifty-nine," the laws were planned
By the miners, and so nicely framed
That the "People" got all rights they claimed.
Can this be always truthfully said
Of the laws by the nation's statesmen made?
And the courts which enforced these wholesome
 laws,
As free as any from wrong or flaws?
Were the "People's Courts" where the judge was
 named
By the powers by which the laws were framed;
And in these, the ermine was seldom soiled,
Or the ends of justice basely foiled.
This ermine, though not of the finest grade,
Was a fur whose color would not fade;
E'en the glitter of gold would never blur
The perfect white of this mountain fur.

No escape was attempted by "Dare Devil Bill,"
He had broken the law, and bowed to its will
Without complaint; nor did he pray
For a single day or an hour's delay.
And so the miners, in gulch and on hill,
Responded at once to the sheriff's will,
And a session of court was held in an hour;
A just tribunal, with life-taking power!
The room of the court was arched o'er head
By a sky, in which the glorious red

Of an autumn's sunset, blent with blue
And gold, and purple, in a radiant hue
Strangely beauteous! Wonderous bright!
A heavenly tint; a God-like light!
Its walls were mountains bold and gray—
Grandeur held court on these alway,
And often Beauty's fairest smile
Rested on these a goodly while;
And again, around fierce storms would rave
With horror's dark, as a murderer's grave!
Its floor was gneiss rock, and debris
Of placer mines, and sands washed free
From the golden dust; in short, a "dump,"
And the judge's bench was a pine tree stump.

Near by stood a tree, its use known well;
The miners had named it a "short road to hell;"
It stood near Spring Gulch, that gallows tree
On which felons paid the death penalty
In earlier days, when justice decreed
That crime should be punished with utmost speed
The jury impaneled every man in the mines,
All the "people" within the district lines;
More than a thousand men were there,
In this open court, in the open air.
Miners and traders, and gamblers too,
Made up this jury, a motely crew
Of strong, stern men, rough, but I deem
As honest as those who may fairer seem,
In fairer scenes, far, far away
From this border court, with its stern array
Of sturdy people, met to declare

That laws be enforced, with the strictest care.

And now the prisoner was duly arraigned—
A friend of the gambler briefly explained
That Bill had shot, while engaged in a game,
His comrade dead, and that the same
Shooting was done without a just cause,
And in violation of justice and laws.

“Dare Devil Bill” was quiet now,
And a shadow of sadness was on his brow;
His cheeks were pale and his gray eyes mild,
That an hour ago were fierce and wild;
But he stood erect, cool and brave;
His mien was fearless, but very grave.

When the judge enquired: “guilty”, or not?

He calmly replied: “It is true that I shot
‘Nevada Jack’, we had words at the game,
My passions were burning with wildest flame,
I drew, and fired, and he fell dead;

That is all, judge, I have ‘guilty’ plead.”

A few inquiries ’bout the cause of the crime,
The place it occurred at, and the time
Were made and answered, and the judge
Said he must most reluctantly urge

That the jury vote “guilty;” the case was clear,
And the crime must be punished; however severe
The sentence might seem, death alone
For willful murder could fully atone.

For a moment a wave of motion rolled
O’er this sea of minds, which strangely controlled
Each thought, and inspired mercy therein,
And whispered human life-taking was sin,

Whether did by the hand of one man, or the laws,
Regardless quite of disposing cause.

But this wave of mercy soon flowed away
Like a gleam of sunshine 'fore storm cloud's array,
And the vote was guilty of murder ; the decree
That the prisoner be hanged until dead, on yon
tree,

And the hanging be publicly, speedily done
By the light of this evening's setting sun.

The shades of sadness on Bill's brow grew apace,
For a moment a flush crossed his pallid face ;
But still he stood firm and calm to the end ;—
The deepest emotions may fiercely contend
In his brain, this terrible, deadly hour,
But all are controlled by mighty will power.

There was in this district, in "fifty-nine",
One man of God, a working divine,
Who worked, it might be, most in the mines,
And did not despise the treasure that shines
In good "pay dirt"; still he always stood by
The miner whose soul was ready to fly
To the unknown land—it mattered not
Whether sent by the rope, the knife or the shot,
Or disease: Parson Fish was his name—
A christian, thrifty, prayerful, and game.
Now this parson kneeled by the doomed man
And prayed, as only a brave christian can,
That, e'en at the latest hour, this soul
Be saved from the devil's eternal control.
Bill silently stood while the prayer was made,
And then to the parson quietly said :

“I’ve a claim or two here, paying quite well,
Worth some thousands, may I ask you to sell
These claims ; I have, besides these,
Some gold in the Denver Bank,—will you please
Get all together, pay yourself all right,—
Please give me a pen and I will write
The name of a lady, far, far away,
To whom you will send the balance, I pray ;
Her name—can I write it—false and so fair !
Great God ! am I mad ? behold ! she stands there !
Alas ! my poor brain is shattered at last,
Broke down by the very last breath of the blast !”
And prostrate he fell, veiling his sight
From a vision—(to others wondrous bright),
A lady, quite young, with beauty and charms
So winning, the heart of the sternest warms
Toward her, while she stands sorely amazed
At the scene around, her brain half crazed ;—
A moment she stood—then lovingly kneeled
Beside Bill’s form, and there appealed
To him in the wildest, sweetest tone,
That love—her love, should here atone
(A love so ardent it burned her soul
And swayed her will with sweetest control,)
For all the wrongs of the wretched past,
And the gloom that these o’er his life had cast ;
“But why so moved—look up, I pray,—
Great God ! if his love has passed away !
Oh, no,—this kiss—he loves me still !
Then, pray, look up ! love cannot kill !”
And then he arose ; the flame of his eyes

For a moment all surrounding defies,
And he stood like a lion boldly at bay,
Ready, it seemed, for desperate fray;
And then became calm and cool again.
Though plainly suffering the keenest pain
She clung about him, praying to know
The cause that pained and moved him so;
Besides, at once she fain would hear
The purpose of all assembled here.
“I beg you, sirs”, then she quickly cried,
“Leave us alone, let what e’re may betide”.
And then, with the maiden grasped in his arms,
Her touch stilling passionate, ’wilderer storms
In his brain, and his heart breaking the while,
He clearly spake, and almost a smile
Dwelt on his face—pallid, but calm—
“My dearest, you see, at present I am
Engaged with these men on business which will
Delay but a little, only until
The sunset, now tinting the glowing west,
Is over, and then I’ll have leisure and rest;
This business is pressing and cannot be stayed,
Even to please you, my darling, I’m afraid;
So join your attendant—he waits you, I see—
And soon from engagements all, I’ll be free;
Then, God willing, forever I’m thine;—
One kiss, my dearest,—at last you are mine.
Then, aside, to the parson, he whispering said:
“For God’s sake take care of this hapless maid,
Lead her away from this horrible crowd—
She’s a lady—her family is wealthy and proud—

And spare her, if possible, news of my fate,—
I know, sir, the favors I'm craving are great;
But grant them, I pray,—the last I'll crave
But a simple prayer, o'er a felon's grave."

Parson Fish had a heart tender and true,
But staunch, and though drops of feeling's soft dew
Lay on his cheek, as frost gems adhere
To the glass of the window when sun-rays appear,
He approached the lady, with friendliest mien,
Saying: "It seems by your friend I have been
Named your companion while he is delayed,
Winding up some business not to be stayed;
So come with me down to the tavern you see—
It will not be long e're your friend will be free."
Strangely bewildered she moved to comply—
A step or two forward—then, with a cry
So sharp, so appealing, it pierced to the heart
Of the sternest man there, to its tenderest part!
She flew to the side of the felon and sobbed,
"I will not depart; I will not be robbed
Of my heart's only treasure; and truly I feel
You all are striving from me to conceal
Some fearful event; and much I do fear
Something that threatens this life I hold dear!"

Just then, from the door of a cabin near by,
Two men came forward and stood quite nigh
The criminal; between them they openly brought
A rope with a noose—the hangman's dread knot!
'Twas a terrible moment; a shuddering thrill
Pierced every brain there, but all stood still.
One glance at this rope and the maiden knew

Its dreadful purpose, and then she flew
To the parson and wildly prayed to be told
Why HIS life was forfeit; would thousands in gold
Redeem this one life; would her blood, her heart
Pay the debt, she would willingly, freely part
With her soul to save him,—“he must not die”;
“Why will you kill him,—I pray you tell why.”
The parson was silent, but the judge, speaking low,
Said it was best the maiden should know
The crime for which her lover must die;
And I think when he spoke his cheeks were not dry,
And I know his heart was shedding soft tears—
He had not worn the ermine of justice for years:—
“You see, young lady, he shot a man dead,
Has been tried in this court and guilty has plead,
And the sentence of death was passed this hour:—
I would save him, dear girl, but I have not the
power.”

For a moment it seemed she must fall; but soon
Every token of weakness, faintness or swoon,
Passed away, and lovely and fair she appeared
By her lover's side one instant, then neared
The judge's bench and begged to be heard,
And to know just how this killing occurred:
“Oh! judge, it is hard for a woman to tell
Her dearest secret—how she loved well,
But was willful, capricious, exacting and wild—
Hardly a woman—no longer a child—
Full of strange fancies, dreaming sweet dreams,
Now, drinking draughts from love's pure streams,
And then, tasting waters that harden the heart,

And bid all tender emotions depart ;
Now trusting, then fearing,—one day would give all,
And the next every gift of the heart would recall ;
And he that I loved was passionate, bold
And wilfull, but never unfaithful or cold ;
And his love was intense—a passionate storm—
I knew not its depth, though I felt all its charm :
But, O, in one rueful, most hateful hour,
I spurned this love, while dreading its power,
And then my lover was maddened and wild,
Unmanned by the blow—by passion beguiled—
He became reckless ; hated his kind ;—
Allowed the worst passions to poison his mind.
Before I so wronged him he was noble and true,
Generous, trusting—his faults were but few.
Two years passed away ; I did not recall
My lover, though dearly I loved him through all,
And his life course was downward, downward until
I learned he was nearing the foot of the hill
Whose base is a region dark as despair,
Never entered by aught that is worthy or fair ;
And then in my soul I knew I must strive
(And felt if the old love for me was alive
The task would be easy) to save him before
He entered that region,—was lost evermore.
I had never lost sight of him, and so I knew
He came to these gold mines, and so I came, too,
To save him ; to love him—to cancel my wrong.
This may not be maidenly, but I love, and am strong
To battle the world ; with duty and love
As my aids, I fear only the powers above.

But you tell me my lover—'tis he—must die,
That he shot a man dead, but you don't tell why
This shooting was done—what tempted the deed?
His hand would never the deadly ball speed
Unless for just cause,—a quarrel! a fight!
He must have been wronged so, the killing was
right!

But, be this as it may, spare him, I pray,—
If a life must be forfeit let mine pass away;
If crime has been done, the criminal am I!
You will not allow the innocent die?—
But give me his life? give it, I pray?
You are men and you feel;—there must be a way
To pardon this crime, if crime there may be;—
I beg on my knees, let him go free!"

No mistake now 'bout the tears in the eyes
Of the judge, though he strove to look steady
and wise,
And the jury (these thousand rough, stern men,)
Was strangely moved, and restless; but when
The judge arose and said he had found
"An error in the indictment,"—the most trifling
sound

Startled the air, all was so still—
"Against the prisoner, 'Dare Devil Bill,'
And as the Court was in session it would be right
For the jury to try him again this night;
You have all the facts in the case in your minds,
And many of these the Court now finds
Show that 'Nevada Jack' would have shot
'Dare Devil Bill' if the latter had not

Fired too quick for him; so it may be
About as well to let Bill go free;
This is my charge, so now vote again."
The wildest of hopes, the keenest of pain,
Tortured the prisoner while voting went on.
It is over!—"Not guilty!"—fair Portia has won
The life of her lover! Now helpless she fell,
In a swoon, on his bosom;—her task was done well.

There was joy o'er Quartz Hill and Spring Gulch
that night;
All said that the judge and the jury did right
In pardoning Bill, but just how the judge saw
In the criminal indictment that wonderful flaw,
Not a man of the jury ever could tell,
For each could swear that blinding tears fell
From his stern gray eyes while the lady plead law,
And mercy, but mainly woman's true love—
A plea always legal e'en in high courts above.

Of course, to conclude *comme il faut*,
This tale of Quartz Hill, of love and of law,
A wedding must make all happy and bright,
And, to shorten the tale, we will have it to-night
As we have on the spot a man and a maid,
The wooing all done, all sweet trifles said,
And a parson quite willing to handle the fee,
Kiss the bride and tie the knot up solemnly;
And a knot, it seems, must tie up the fate
Of "Dare Devil Bill", and 'tis quite safe to state
One tied by the parson will suit him as well
As the one made to tie him to the "short road to
hell";

Besides, if the knot of the parson don't lead
To a heaven of joy, with surety and speed,
That noble, brave girl will not be to blame,
For we know she brought heaven to the hill when
she came.

AN EASTERN WESTERN TALE.

(*A Stage Driver's Story.*)

The Old Bay State in the summer time
Enjoys a pleasant, genial clime ;
And wealth, and art, and taste
Combined with patient toil and skill,
Controlled by men of iron will,
Have made the sterile waste
Of the olden time, along this bay
And the shores of the ocean cold and gray
And inland to the hills,
A pleasure ground wonderous fair—
Fertile and rich beyond compare,
Ornate with towns and mills.

In the summer of eighteen seventy-four,
Ill and weary, I wandered o'er
The good old State awhile,
Rested at heart by the pleasing scenes—
The finished beauty culture gleans
From forms of rudest style,—

My patient guide these rambling days—
A fair young niece with winsome ways,
Full round cheeks, and eyes
Purple blue, like our mountains west,
That tint the lover loves the best,
And artists highly prize.

I and my winsome guide, one day,
Rambled along the shore of the bay
Not far from Hingham town;—
The winds of summer breathed a charm
Which filled the breast with feelings warm,
And banished every frown;
And sunshine tints of rarest hue—
Gold and azure blent in dew—
Strangely soft and bright,
Touched the crests of every wave,
And to the shore a radiance gave
That charmed admiring sight.

And I was charmed with all around—
The wealth of beauty, charm of sound
Of shore and rippling sea;
The waves which broke on pebbly beach,
The winds that gently sighed, had speech
Which formed sweet melody;
And I was charmed, too, with my guide,
Who stood enraptured by my side
Spell-bound by beauty's charm.
Ah, youth has strange and wondrous power;
The gods' best, brightest, purest dower—
A sky without a storm.

Inland from where we musing stood
Spread a verdant lawn and peaceful wood,
Near by a stately hall,
Each speaking wealth and tasteful care,
And thrift, which makes a home so fair
When comfort smiles o'er all.
Woody by the shade of the pleasant wood,
That seemed in rhythm with my mood,
We wandered 'neath its trees
And found at length a rustic seat
And a spring of water cool and sweet,
And there reclined at ease.

We sat, mayhap, an hour there,
Our reveries free from gloom or care,
Each thought a pleasant dream,
When a man approached our fair retreat;
With welcome mien and cheerful greet
He said, "you strangers seem,
And you're a western man, I see,
So I, in western style, make free
To bid you welcome here
And to my home, the hall near by;
The hour for lunch, I think, is nigh,
So come and test my cheer.

This man, with quite unusual ways
For eastern folks, these modern days,
Stood quite six feet in height;
His form, replete with manly grace—
The model for a growing race;—

His features bold and bright ;—
 But sad an empty sleeve proclaimed
 That he had been severely maimed ;
 Besides, a bullet scar
 Across his forehead, broad and white,
 Bespake an accident, or fight
 In some foregoing war.

Here was a border man, I knew ;
 And honest, stout and brave one, too,
 And much I longed to hear
 The story of his scars and life ;
 I felt that some most desperate strife
 Had caused his wounds so drear ;
 And so I cheerfully complied
 With his welcome bid, and with my guide—
 Who deepest interest felt—
 Passed through sylvan glades, the way
 To the hall—a pile of granite, gray,—
 In which the stranger dwelt.

A matron, fair of form and face,
 Received us with becoming grace,
 And with most friendly mien ;
 Kissed welcome on the rosy cheek
 Of my maiden guide,—this did bespeak
 Much more than words, I ween.—
 Liberal wealth, artistic taste,
 And classic art, had grandly graced
 This hospitable home ;
 And eastern culture, western ease,

Hearts to feel and wills to please,
Reposed beneath its dome.

E're long, a bounteous board was spread;
We all partook; the host then led
Back to the rustic bower;
When seated there, my western mien,
He said, recalled a border scene,
And if we'd spare the hour
He would in simple style relate
The events of this, which shaped the fate
Of Friends he loved full well;
Of course we freely spared the hour,
When he, with crude, artistic power,
The following tale did tell:

THE TALE.

Some years before a railway train
Had crossed the western plains
Or Rocky Mountains, bold and high,—
Grandeur's wild domains!

Before the bands of iron rails
Had bound two oceans' shores
Together in progression's league—
A union trade adores—

Travelers, o'er the plains and hills,
Toward the setting sun
And land of gold, or dreams of this,
When treasures are not won;

Journeyed in the good old way,
By stage coach, stout and slow
But sure, lest stopped by accident,
Indians, or snow.

The border men beyond the plains,
Knew the danger great,
Awaiting all who journeyed thus
And bravely met the fate;

But eastern travelers, I know,
When crossing first the plains,
Were often troubled horribly
By fear's distressing pains.

A case in point:—On Holladay's line,
Mail, overland, you know;
The best across the continent,
And never woeful slow;

It was in "sixty four," I think;
A genial, summer day;
The "mail" moved out from Atchison
For Denver far away,
With four through passengers that trip:—
A lady young and fair,
With graceful form and cheerful face,
And gold and sunshine hair;

A fat old gent, her father; and
A sturdy border man;
And then, an eastern gentleman
With features grave and wan.

This traveler was youthful still
In years, but not in mien,—
Youth cannot dwell her mete of years
In craven souls, I ween.

The stout, huge coach, with ponderous boot,
And seats inside for nine,
Drawn by six horses—often changed
At stations 'long the line,—

Was placed in charge, the fifth day out,
Of a driver who had learned
That Cheyenne Indians lurked about;
He feared the fiends had burned
The station next upon the route;
But still he must proceed;—
Meantime he armed the passengers,
And drove along with speed.

This driver was a youthful man—
Broad shouldered, firm and tall,—
The “border” shown in mien and garb,
Manners and speech, and all.

The drivers of the “overland”
Across the plains these days,
Must all be men of nerve and skill,
Familiar with the ways
Of hostile Indian tribes who roamed
These wilds in search of prey,—
Treacherous, cruel, murderous fiends—
To rob and kill, their play.

This summer day was very mild
With that shimmering air
Which forms the mirage of the plains—
Visions wonderous fair.

The lady craved a seat outside,
And would not be denied ;—
The driver scanned her carefully
Then placed her by his side.

Well armed was he—two “Winchesters”
And two revolvers large,
Besides, a ponderous hunting knife,—
Useful in a charge.

The border man, the fat old gent,
And gentleman inside
Were all well armed, and notified
That danger might betide.

And on they sped—the team, this “stage”
Had spirit, strength and speed ;
The driver knew it would not fail
In case of pressing need.

The fair young girl enraptured sat
Midst scenes so wild and new—
Her cheeks aglow, her eyes aflame—
Emotions burning through.

But she sat silent ; words are dull
When feelings are acute ;
The sweetest tone can ne’er be wooed
From earthly harp or lute.

But, hark! a whistling, keen report
Cuts the glimmering air!
A yell! the dreaded savage whoop!—
A key-note of despair
Is shrieked with weird, savage strength
From out the fiendish throat
Of a stout Cheyenne, approaching near,—
It was his wild death-note!

A revolver in the driver's hand
Had sped the fatal lead
With such unerring purpose, that
The savage dropped stone dead.

Meantime, he bade the lady down
At once beneath the seat,
Where, sheltered by the heavy boot
And baggage at his feet,

She would be safe from threat'ning harm—
From arrow, ball or spear;—
He was amazed when she refused
And said she felt no fear,—
But must stay out just where she sat—
She could be useful there!
In vain he urged; her will was stout;
Ah, she was brave as fair.

And now a mounted band appeared—
A hundred fiends of hell—
Athirst for blood—the white man's gore;
His gold and goods as well;

And hellish lust, too, fired their hearts—
 The sight of maiden fair
 Boiled their lecherous demon blood,—
 Foul beyond compare.

The driver urged the willing steeds
 With greatest speed ahead,
 Guiding all with stout left hand,—
 With the right he sped
 From “Winchester” and pistol true
 The cold, avenging lead,
 With deadly, steady, skillful aim,
 Striking demons dead.

The men inside the coach saw all,
 And two of them fought well—
 The stout old gent and border man,
 Who made each bullet tell.

The GENTLEMAN—the grave young man—
 (The lover of the maid)
 Crouched at the bottom of the coach,
 So scared, he cried and prayed.

The driver knowing safety lay
 (A chance for this, at least)
 In reaching the next “post” unharmed,
 With lash the speed increased.

Meantime, the brave young lady sat
 Silent, firm and calm;
 The danger seemed a ‘wildering spell,
 For fear, a sovereign balm.

The savages fought desperately,—
Their yelling crazed the air,
Their arrows, balls and spears fell 'round,—
A storm of wild despair.

At length, the border man sunk down
Pierced by bullets three;
The father, too, had dangerous wounds,—
Their blood was flowing free.

And still the lover of the maid
Crouched down,—a helpless thing,
A craven, hopeless, useless man,—
A snake without a sting.

Each charge from arms the driver plied
Was used with skill at last;
He feared, too, that the fiendish foe
Were gaining on him fast,
But still was firm, and showed the girl
The ammunition chest,
And pointed out the charges used,
With cool and calm request
That she would load the deadly arms :—
The task she undertook
Without a word ; her nerves were firm,
Not e'en a finger shook.

And still the fearful race and fight
Across the dreary plains
Waxed fiercer, wilder and more drear ;—
A fiend of murder reigns—

And now the driver's stout right arm
Falls helpless by his side,
Shattered by a crashing ball ;
And then, the crimson tide
Flows o'er his sunburnt, stubborn cheek—
A cruel rifle ball
Has gashed his forehead, dark and broad—
But still he did not fall,
But firmly sat, his left hand still
Guiding the foamy steeds,
Unharm'd, thank God! hope is not dead,
If naught their course impedes.

The maid had dainty, jeweled hands,
But firm and true were they,
'Though handling arms for the first time;—
This fearful, desperate day
The weapons seemed to fit her grasp,
And when the driver failed,
She used these with unfaltering aim,
Though deadly missiles hailed;
She was not harmed, the cruel balls
Shunned this mark so fair,
And piercing arrows, murderous darts,
Passed harmless in the air.

It was a wild and thrilling scene,
This desperate race for life;—
This horrid, fiendish dire assault,—
This most unequal strife;
For now a fair and polished girl
(Wealth and culture's child,)

Battled alone with savage hordes,—
With passions fierce and wild.

But joy and thanks! the station house
Stands but a mile ahead,
A welcome sight; safety at last!
The savage fiends have fled!

At last the sheltering post was reached,
Stout armed men stood there,
Who helped the wounded from the coach
With skillful, tender care.

And then there crawled out from beneath
The coach's hindmost seat
The lover of the gallant maid;
He stood on trembling feet
And gazed around, still sore afraid;
And there was danger still,
For hearing all, the border men
Could hang him with good will.

And now the father, bleeding free
From wounds uncared for yet,
Enraged, but courteous, said to him:
"I trust you will forget
You ever knew my family;
My daughter will, I know,
All further claims upon your hand,
With pleasure here forego."

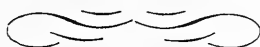
And then the old gent, scornful grew:
" 'Twould be a cursed shame,"

He said, " to give this noble girl
A coward's hateful name."

And all around,—the driver, too—
Cried out aloud, "Amen ;"
The brave girl's bright and soulful eyes
Reflected this again.

* * * * *

Well, Denver town was reached in time,
And surgeon's skill and care
Healed the wounds of all, apace ;
But skill and purest air
Saved not the driver's stout right arm ;—
This was swept away,—
And still the driver did not curse
That fearful, desperate fray ;
He lost by it, he says, an arm,
Stout, and firm, and true,
But found a pair, supremely fair,
And heart and body too ;
And mind and soul, all wondrous good
And womanly, beside :
There she stands, my noble wife,
Close by the driver's side.



A LEGEND OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

LOVE AND THE PRECIOUS METALS.

In olden times the gods, with taste
Quite true, and with becoming grace,
Could not resist a charming waist
Or youthful, lovely female face.

It mattered not if maid of earth
Possessed these winsome charms ;
So, often maids of worldly birth
Reposed in godlike arms.

We learn this fact from ancient lore—
From legend, tale and song ;—
E'en the Good Book has truths in store
Which swell the proofs along.

It has been said there's nothing new
Under the glowing sun ;
So, gods, no doubt, do still pursue
The course they first begun.

But in these latter days, we know,
The title, god, is dropped
And spirit used, instead ; also,
The good old style is stopped
Of wooing maids in sylvan bowers,

When softly zephyrs breathe,
And while the balmy, 'witching hours
Love's sweetest garlands wreath;
And spirit wooing now is done
In cabinet or room,
From which is shut the glorious sun,
While all around is gloom.

And, too, of old, none but a maid
Of rare and radiant charms
Was e're by pleasure's lure betrayed
To gods' luxurious arms;
But modern spirits often woo
Ill-favored, ancient jades,
Whose charms are stale and slim and few—
Grass widows and old maids.

But to my legendary song :
'Twas many a year ago—
(When gods had passions warm and strong,
And wandered to and fro
Amidst the fairest earthly scenes,
In search of maidens fair
Whom they might crown the mystic queens
Of earth and sea, and air.)

Though not in fabled ancient times,
But in these later years ;
And not in Eastern classic climes,
But where "Out West" appears.
The ardent gods have often strayed

Through all the groves of earth,
And haunted many a vale and glade
Since the present century's birth.

Midway between two oceans grand--
The Atlantics of this sphere--
Great oceans broad of plains expand,
Now fruitful and then drear ;
Beyond the western bounds of these
Are towering mountain chains,—
Within their coils, bright inland seas,
Rivers, peaks and plains,
And fertile vales, and purple hills,
And sparkling, laughing streams,
And pools whose waters cure all ills
And wreathe the sweetest dreams.

Vast forests climb the mountains bold
Far up to "timber line;"
Silvery fir-trees, cedars old,
And stately, classic pine ;
And verdant grasses clothe the plains,
The parks and valleys sweet,
And Ceres smiles and Flora reigns
O'er all, with sway complete.

High up the mountain's rugged side
And down in cañon deep
Stand granite crags, which have defied
The fiercest tempests' sweep ;
In grotto, cavern, glen and dell,

The rarest crystals lie,
And fossils strange, which surely tell
Of ages long gone by.

And beasts and birds and fishes rare,
Which form the choicest game,
Abound in forest, stream, and air;—
Diana here has fame.

And in these years—this legend sings—
There dwelt within this land
A famous race, 'round which still clings
A glamour strange and grand.

Before the Aztec nations claimed
All inland south and west
Of this half sphere, so widely famed,
And so divinely blest,—
This race built cities on the plains,
And towns on mount and hill,
Of which there still exist remains
That show the builder's skill,
And wealth, and culture in the art
Of architecture old;
There yet stands, well preserved, the part
Of many a castle bold.

The women of this race were fair,
With forms of amorous mould
Full and ripe, beyond compare,
And tempting as bright gold;
(5)

With full red lips, moist with dew
Distilled from breath imbued
With love's elixir, pure and true,
Formed when an angel wooed.

With teeth of rare amphritic form,
Eyes of melting brown,
And olive cheeks, full, round and warm
And soft as eider down,
And flowing locks of golden brown,
Profuse and rippling wild
O'er matchless shoulders, and adown
To hips, by Venus piled.

It is not strange to win their love
The amorous gods would steal
From nuptial arms, in realms above,
And woo with warmth and zeal.

Now Pan, who loves the groves and dells
And forests vast, of earth,
And rustic music, as it swells
Replete with glee and mirth,
And sylvan nymphs with winsome charms,
Who join him in the dance,
And nestle in his loving arms,
His pleasures to enhance ;

Loved too, this fair arcadian land
And often wandered here,—
His cheeks by softest zephyrs fanned,
Sweet music in his ear;

And here, one day, he met a maid
 Supremely fair and sweet,
 And wooed her in the sylvan shade
 And gained her love complete.

Full many a year he loved Zobel,
 No longer virgin maid—
 But mother—on whose bosom's swell,
 Three baby maids had laid.
 Pan loved Zobel, and she was true,—
 Not quite the general style—
 And so their joys were ever new;
 They basked in Pleasure's smile.

* * * * *

Now, far beyond this land of song,
 Toward the setting sun,
 Roamed savages so fierce and strong,
 They many treasures won
 From parties of this milder race
 Who shunned the shock of war,
 And seldom dared to boldly face
 These robbers from afar.

The fair Zobel strayed forth one day,
 Her daughters by her side,
 Full grown and beauteous as a fay
 Decked for Apollo's bride,
 And met a monster of this tribe,—
 A giant, bold and vile—
 Who taunted her with lecherous gibe
 And hateful, lustful smile.

This monster was by Pluto sired;—
His dam, a hideous jade
Of this vile tribe, by lust inspired
Until a wanton made.
Zobel knew well the demon's will;—
He would the maidens seize
And a most hellish plot fulfill,—
So, out upon the breeze
She screams forth loudest calls for aid!
But Pan was far away,
And no stout mortal help obeyed;—
Hope sent no cheering ray.

The giant seized the shrieking maids,—
The mother plead in vain;
Her cries came back from open glades
With wild and sad refrain;—
“Hello! what's up! hold on, old Buck!
Just drop the gals a spell!
I say it, and my name's 'Kentuck;'
At stand up fight as well;—
I'm trapping 'round with Georgia Bill,
A 'good 'un,' you may sware,—
But just hold on, my beauty, 'till
I see if all is fair.”

Zobel had ne'er seen mortal man
Of such uncommon mould,
But still at once to him she ran,
And kneeling, wildly told
Her tale of horrid, fearful dread,

In sweet, beseeching tones;—
 “Hold up, old Buck, you’re good as dead;
 I feel it in my bones.”

The giant scorned the man who dared
 To rob him of his prize,
 Then seized the maids and fiercely glared
 With murder in his eyes;—
 “What, don’t you mean to drop the girls?
 Then come, my lovely ‘Pet,’
 Here’s bigger game than mountain squirrels—
 There’s music in you yet.

“They say, to kill a fiend, the ball
 Should be of silver, pure;
 But that’s old woman’s talk, that’s all;
 I think the lead is sure,
 So I’ll try this with a buckskin patch
 When rammed completely ‘hum;’
 If it don’t kill, it’ll make a scratch
 That’ll hurt the varmint some.”

The giant poised his mighty spear;
 Strung up his wondrous bow,
 Then neared “Kentuck” with pitying leer,
 And movement bold but slow.
 A shrill report! a puff of flame!
 The giant bleeding fell!
 “I think this spiles the varmint’s game;
 ‘Pet’ does her work up well.

"I hope the gals are not scared bad—
Don't hug and kiss me so—
It was no trick to kill that scad,
So now trot home, you know."

The smiles and tears on beauty's cheek,—
The sunshine and the dew
Of raptuous joy,—full clearly speak
Emotions warm and true.

And Zobel and her daughters bright,
Had greatful joy at heart,
And vowed the champion of the fight
Must not from them depart,
Until some just reward was paid
For services so rare;
So brave "Kentuck" was soon conveyed
Within a grotto fair.

Good Pan appeared within the dell,—
A god of goodly mien—
He quickly learned what had befell
Out on the neighboring green;
Then called the hero to his side,
Likewise his fairest child,
And told "Kentuck" she was his bride,—
The beauteous maiden smiled.

"Ho! spread a marriage feast," he cried,
"And bid the sylvan nymphs appear!
Proclaim to-day, so far and wide,
I've found a son, so dear."

“Not quite so fast, my friend—hold on—
 ’Takes two to make a trade, you know,—
I’d kinder like to be your son,
 But this must be ‘no go’;—
’Way back in old Kentucky State
 There lives a winsome maid
Who vowed she’d be my loving mate,
 In sunshine and in shade,
Unless cold death forbade the bands,—
 And I know she’s firm and true;
So this is how the matter stands,
 And no offense to you.

“I have no snobbish ways, you see,
 No learning of the schools;
But sense and honor some, may be,
 Besides, some simple rules
By which I guide my humble way,—
 ‘Act fair and square’ is one;
Another, ‘Stick to what you say’,
 And this I’ve always done.
I like these pretty gals, my man,
 They’re very sweet, I’ll swear,—
But, to be false I never can,
 ‘Kentuck’ is ‘on the square’.”

Pan gazed at this strange mortal (who
 Had shown himself so true)
Amazed; for well on earth he knew
 Such loyal men were few;
Then summoned Plutus to his aid,

Who came borne down with gold,
Which, by a sign from Pan, he laid
Before the hunter bold.

“Take golden treasures, mortal brave,
Since you decline a bride—
I must reward you,—take, I crave,
I will not be denied.”

“Wall, now, that’s handsome, I declare,—
These ‘shiners’ are all right;—
I’ll take some gold,—I think that’s fair—
And you have lots in sight;
But do not take it as mere pay
For killing that great brute;
I never see right-out foul play
But ‘I am on the shoot’;—
And when these lovely gals were seized
By that cantankerous beast,
I’ll swear that I was mighty pleased
To shoot the whelp, at least.

“And if to you it’s all the same,
I’ll share with Bill the stuff,—
We’re partners since out here we came,
And here’s for both, enough;—
But you don’t know old Georgia Bill—
Well, take my word for it,
He’s stout and square and free from ill,
And brave as ever fit.”

“Take, mortal, all the gold you may,
I’ll be your debtor still;

And so, good Plutus will, to-day,
Conceal in every hill
And range, and mountain steep and bold,
Of this delightful land,
The ores of silver and of gold,
In fissures true and grand,—
In such vast measures that old Time
Will fail 'neath weight of years
Before this treasure vast, sublime,
Forever disappears.

No race must share this wealth but thine,
So, Plutus will bestow it deep
In fissure vein, and rocky mine
Of mountains wild and steep ;
And patient toil and prudent skill
Will guide your people to
These treasures, and good fortune will
Favor the brave and true."

"Well, Mr. Pan, you're mighty kind,
And very fair and wise,
And great and powerful, I find ;
But if you'll not despise
Me for this 'talk', nor think me bold,
I'll merely just suggest
That you should scatter some 'coarse gold'
Or 'dust', if you think best,
Along the streams, in sand and ground,
Above the "bed-rock" deep,
So by the "boys" it may be found—

It'll help them 'long a heap
When starting in to open out
The quartz mines in the "range",
And furnish all the folks about
With plenty of loose change."

"This shall be done as you suggest,—
Good Plutus will attend;
So mortal, have your mind at rest,—
Your cares are at an end."

Then Zobel said: she "would request
That gallant, comely men,
Who loved the gentler sex the best,—
Was loyal to it when
E'er bound by Hymen's silver chain,
Or Cupid's golden thread—
Not false for pleasure or for gain,
But ever true instead,—
Should be endowed with magic sight,
Or touched by potent spell
Which would direct them true and right—
And speedily as well—
To where the richest treasures lie
In gold and silver veins;
In rugged rocks of mountains high,
Or sands of lowest plains."

"Thy wish is law, my fair Zobel ;—
Mercury shall devise
The magic sight and potent spell
For all your favorites' eyes ;

And now let all enjoy the feast
Which Bacchus here has spread ;—
The joy of each must be increased
Now that our cares have fled.

“I would have rarest joy to-night,—
I feast a noble guest
Who will depart, with morrow's light,
Forever from the West.”

* * * * *

And all in Colorado know
That Plutus had obeyed
Old Pan's command, long years ago,
Because our mines have paid.

And most know well that Mercury's task
Has been performed complete :—
Go to the mining camps and ask
The wisest man you meet
Who finds the richest lodes or “claims”,
And he will answer quick
By giving several famous names,
Among these, “youthful Dick”
And “Sulphurets old” of Clear Creek fame,—
But I must here withhold
The task of giving place or name
To these prospectors bold.

Suffice to say, that young or old,
They're famed for gallantry,—

They love the fair sex well as gold,
And woo each valiantly.

And thus the gold and silver ores
Were treasured in this range
In vast and never-ending stores,—
So says this legend strange.

THE FIRST BABY BORN ON THE "BAR."

A BRECKENRIDGE TALE OF "FIFTY-NINE."

"A newspaper man taking items, aye,
'Bout the olden times and the present day,
And learn I've been longer on the 'Blue'
Than any miner alive now—true:
I came with a party in 'fifty-nine',
And the first gulch claim on the 'Bar' was mine;
And have 'gulched' here every summer since then,
And have seen on the 'Blue' ten thousand men
Where now but a score or two find 'pay',
There were lively times in the earlier day;
But you want items, well, let's see,
Shall I tell how we hung, on yonder tree,
The thief who stole 'Red Shockey's' gold?
Well, no, that tale has been often told;
Or shall I tell of Brown's young wife,
Or the fearful feud, and mortal strife,

'Tween 'Georgia Bill' and Joe of Maine?
No, I'll not fight battles o'er again;
And Brown's young wife, and Brown as well,
Have been written up, and may rest a spell.
By the way, in Breckenridge town you'll find
A Mister Pollock, who can, if he's a mind,
Tell many a tale of the olden days—
He's a 'fifty-niner', with bookish ways,
And stores of good old border tales,
In which the interest never fails;
But you say you want some notes from me,
About the earlier time, so it may be
Well that I tell, for the first time here,
'Bout the first baby born on the 'Bar', or near.

Well, a day in the summer of 'fifty-nine',
The air inspired, like stout old wine,
And the peaks of the 'Ten Mile' mountains wore
Turban'd crowns of clouds which bore,
Enwrapped in frowning folds of mists,
The direful storm, whose force resists
These stern old giant towers, reared
On high, before the plains appeared
From 'neath the mighty icen flow,
That deluged this sphere eons ago.
These crowns, like many kingly crowns,
When the people's freedom darkly frowns,
Trembled awhile, and then were dashed
'Gainst the granite towers, with force that crashed
The rocks as fragile shells are broke
By the ponderous hammer's heavy stroke,
By the storm, the wild, dread mountain storm,

Destruction's minion, bearing a form
More terrible, more dreaded, far,
Than the fiercest, deadliest fiend of war!
From 'Ten Mile's' brow the storm swept down
To the vale of the 'Blue', and Breckenridge town
Felt the monster's fearful breath,
Fierce as hell and drear as death;
The secret streams of the skies on high
Were loosed, and their waters driven by
The force of the tempest, filled the air
Till a raging sea flowed everywhere;
And the mountain streams despised their shores
And raged abroad. The demon roars
Of bursting thunders swelled the sound
Of storm and torrent yelling round,
With wild, wild shrieks and horrid screams,
More dire than haunt the drunkard's dreams:

Just as night was closing in
This thrilling scene, this horrid din,
With a mantle darker than the storm,
By my cabin door, appeared a form,
Drenched and tattered, haggard—wild,
By tempest shattered, rains defiled,
But comely still—a woman's form
Pleading for help from impending harm;
My cabin door soon opened wide,
Then closed in the face of the wrath outside!
There were shelter and warmth beneath its roof,
But a lady's bower 'twas not, forsooth;
And here was a woman, young and fair,
And lovely, too, beyond compare,

With a beauty not to be concealed
By the fearful blows the storm had dealed,
And garb and jewels which betrayed
Social rank of the highest grade,
My guest for the dreadful night, at least,
Or till the tempest's rage had ceased.

The miner's homes of the early day
Were built for comfort, not display,
For parlor, kitchen, bedroom, hall,
We made one room comprise them all ;
This saved the labor that the care
Of many rooms imposed, and there
Was work for all in gulch and mine,
At digging 'dust' in 'fifty-nine' ;
But soon my cabin's room was made
A chamber for this wandering maid ;
What comforts I could here command,
Prepared by miner's skillful hand,
Were placed about my lady guest,
To spare her pain I did my best ;
But she was ill, the fearful gale
And travel o'er the mountain trail,
And terrors of the dreadful day
Had taken all her strength away ;
And she sank down a helpless child,
Her cheeks were flushed her speech was wild,
And much I feared her youthful life
Would not survive the fearful strife
Of toil, fatigue, exposure—fear,
Encountered 'fore she reached me here.
She must have crossed the range that day,

From Tarryall or from Fairplay,
Through either 'pass' a desperate tramp
For maiden of this gentle stamp;
And what could bring her to the 'Bar'.
Was much beyond conjecture, far.

But now her illness grew apace,
A fearful dread showed in her face,
Her cries for help were wild and shrill;—
Pains so intense must surely kill,
I felt—and still could find no aid;
Doctors had found no paying trade
Upon the 'Blue', and none were here,
Or in the camps around us near.

I never was a married man,
I never liked the mating plan,
Which doubles up the ills of life,
Makes a happy maid a wretched wife,
Or I might, sooner quite, have learned
The cause of piercing pains that burned
Like flames, the nerves and throbbing brain
Of this poor girl—not maid again—
But mother soon, 'less death appears
And takes away all pains and tears!

What must be done? Where succor find?—
In vain I racked my troubled mind,—
No woman, good or bad, not one,
Was on the 'Bar';—What's to be done
I knew must be accomplished *now*,
If precious lives be saved, but *how*
To do it?—The girl was wild,
And still unconscious bore a child.

* * * * *

Well, I and mate did all we could
At such a time, our will was good,
We'd little else; but willing hands
And feeling hearts suggested plans,
Which robbed this dreadful lying-in
Of many ills, but failed to win
The mother's hopeless, wandering mind
Back from the regions undefined,
Where it had sought the lethean spring
Which dulls emotion's fiercest sting,—
That pool *insanity*, whose flow
Drowns out a world of human woe!

A gentle, harmless, hopeless waif,
She always kept her secret safe,
What'ere it was; the troubled past
Before but one strange shadow cast,
The birth, out in this distant wild,
In a miner's cabin of a child—
A boy, a stout limbed, robust chap,
Who may be president, some day, may-hap.

Before the winter's storms set in,
The mother left this world of sin;
We sturdy, rough, tough miners here
Shed many a sad and sorrowing tear
The day we laid her in the ground;
Come with me, I will show the mound
We raised above her simple clay,
Which love, no doubt, had led astray.

You'd like to know about the child?
My claim to him was duly filed,

The discoverer's right was mine, you see,
As such I hold the property;—
And he has grown a noble boy,
The discoverer's greatest hope and joy.

A LOVER'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THE CUCCHARAS VALLEY AND SANGRE
DE CHRISTO RANGE.

The Cucharas Valley is very fair—
Fragrance and beauty linger there,
And Ceres smiles o'er golden fields
And tempts therefrom most bounteous yields;
And flocks with fleeces white and fine
Bask in the genial, rare sunshine,
And graze on grasses rich and sweet,
Which clothe the vale in garb replete
With verdure, and the thousand tints
Which Flora tastefully imprints
On myriad flowrets, fragrant, rare,
Her children sweet beyond compare.

Rustic ease and true content
Are in this valley sweetly blent—
And comfort smiles, and plenty reigns,
Here peace has undisturbed domains;
And here a rural, peaceful race
Has found a fair abiding place;

Its homes and plazas simple, rude,
The walls of stately pine trees hewed,
Or rough adobes, crudely piled,
The roofs with 'dirt' securely tiled,
Are primitive, and cool and warm,
Secure against the winter's storm,
And 'gainst the sun's devouring rays
When with the summer's heat ablaze.

Well, many a year ago, a maid,
Of this mild race, whose beauty played
Strange freaks with tender rustic swains,
With glowing blood and slender brains,
Inspired the master passion deep
In the breast of a Georgia man, whose sheep,
A goodly flock, grazed not so far
From the ranch, where shone this radiant star;
And she was very fair, not fair
In hue, but that tint so rare,
A glowing olive—"Spanish brown"—
Tinted her cheeks of fleecy down;
Her hair was dark as "Arabian Night",
In which a black cat looks quite white,
And her form, ah, this was round and plump
As an autumn wether's shapely rump.

Now this Georgia man "sheep's eyes" threw
At the maid, which looked her heart straight
through,
And saw that love was nestling there,
'Neath bosoms very ripe and fair.
This Georgia man was tall and lank,
But fearless quite, and free and frank,

And lithe of limb and agile quite,—
Good for a race or for a fight.
And his love for the maid was true and warm,
Still as a calm and wild as a storm—
Still when its course run smooth as cream,—
Wild when it run like a raging stream.
For months the cream was on the rise,
And they loved at will, 'neath moonlit skies;
And 'neath the piñon's welcome shade,
Which never once their love betrayed,
They made ten thousand vows of truth—
And basked in pleasures true to youth.
But soon the raging stream was loosed,—
The dark old father quite refused
To yield the maid to the Georgia man,
And dashed to earth the wedding plan;
But still their love burned on like flame
Of seasoned piñon, he was game
And she was constant, both red-hot,
And so they planned a famous plot
Which would defeat the father's will,
And all their ardent hopes fulfill:
At dead of night they'd steal away,
And steal two burros swift and gay
From the old man, and mount on these
And swift as winter's northern breeze
Cross the Sangre de Christo chain
Of mountains to the San Luis plain,
And there enjoy the glowing joys
Of love, where no stern parent cloy.
With skill experience bestows,

Perhaps, but then who really knows?
"Georgia" "cribbed" the burros gay,
By the light of the stars' uncertain ray,
The maid stole out of the plaza gray,
And they mounted the steeds and sped away,
Up the vale by the Spanish Peaks,
And on o'er mesas, bluffs and creeks—
So when the sun shone in the sky
Next morn the "range", so bold and high,
Stood in their way, a mighty wall,
Around its top a mystic pall;
And now their hearts were wondrous light,
Assured were they their sudden flight
Had not been noticed in the night
By cruel parent; so, in case
He should pursue, this start in the race
Would keep them safe, with steady pace,
From chance of capture on the way
To the park they hoped to reach this day.

When far up on the mountain trail
Behind them lay the beauteous vale,
So fair in glorious summer guise,
It won the gaze of the maiden's eyes;
And gazing back she there beheld
A sight that all bright feelings quelled:—
Her wrathful father and a band
Of friends, well armed, at his command,
With head-long speed were on their track,
To die or bring the maiden back,
While yet a maiden she might be,
And hang her "Georgia" on a tree.

Now safety lay in flight alone,
Naught but his life would quite atone
For the theft of burros, naught to say
About stealing maiden fair away ;
And so the spur and lash were plied
With vigor to the burros' hide,
And on they sped up mountain side,
But not with speed, the rocks impede
The pace of stoutest, swiftest steed,
And granite crags, and cañons deep,
In which the direst horrors sleep,
'Tween them and safety intervene ;—
Besides, one yawning, wild ravine,
The stream of death its sides atween.

And now the parent gains apace
In this exciting, desperate race,—
He and his band will win, 'tis plain,
Before the lovers gain the plain ;
Each party madly drives ahead,—
Their burros' wild and crashing tread
Tears boulders from the mountain's side,
And wakens echos far and wide.
And now beside the wild ravine
The lovers stand and near is seen
The band the father madly leads
To where the stream of death impedes !
The parents eyes with passions glare,
The winds disturb his thin gray hair,
And his oaths distract the mountain air,
And still beside the wild ravine
The lover's towering form is seen ;

He scans with piercing, blazing eyes
The horrid gorge, then wildly cries :
“Come to my arms and throbbing breast,
And let your firm, round bosom rest
Against my coat front, while I try
A LOVER’S LEAP, which will defy
Your damned old dad and all his crew,—
Death cannot tear my heart from you,—
My darling, loving, sweetest ewe”.

Two thousand feet, at least, below
The stream of death doth coldly flow ;
Sharp crags stand out on either side
Of the fearful gorge, full seven yards wide ;—
But now the leap, the lovers’ leap,—
Prepare, sweet maids, to wail and weep :
Sacre ! The fellow jumps like hell !
But down the gorge has surely fell.
No! Hold! He grasps a pointed crag ;
Thank Heaven! He now will surely drag
Himself and loving, trusting bride,
To safety on the further side
Of this wild, deep and dark ravine,
Now a barrier sure between
These lovers and the band which would
Upon their loving joys intrude.
His bride? Ah yes, his bride in truth,
This danger shared weds them, forsooth,
As squarely, firmly, as the rite
Imposed by priests or law, and quite
As holy is, and just and true,—
And good enough, they thought,—don’t you?

* * * * *

It may not be the proper thing
For lovers to make such a nimble spring
In a "lover's leap"—they should leap o'er
A precipice and live no more,—
To do the thing up brown I know,—
But this tall chap would have a show
For life, and jumped so well and far,
His leap must pass, at least, at par
With lovers' leaps, the country through,
Although the style is something new.

"FIGHT IT OUT."

Falter not—no surrender—"fight it out".—
Down the line send the "onward" shout;—
The ranks must push forward; the fight
Must be won, whether wrong or the right
Gains victory by the success
Of the battle;—the lines can but press
Forward o'er rampart and wall,—
"Fight it out" though the last man shall fall.

The city when won is a loss;
The gold of its treasures but dross;—
Its stores and its beauty have fled,—
Disease and famine instead
Of pleasure and profit, are there,

And want and hopeless despair—
What of this? We fought but to win
The battle, not treasures within
The walls of the stronghold;—the prize
Rich and bright in the warrior's eyes
Is victory! victory! fame!—
All else must be worthless,—tame;
And these—well these, too, are naught,
No matter how dearly they're bought.
Wade in blood of the foe to the knees—
Face horrors that curdle and freeze
The blood in the core of the soul!
Withstand the deadliest roll
Of the murderous waves of war
Whose gentlest ripples will mar
The face of the brightest land
That eyes of mortal e're scanned;—
Stand firm in the ranks when the shell
Are shrieking like demons of hell;—
When the bullets' whistling breath
Stings like the keen wounds of death!
Falter not! though famine invades,
Though the dismal, most horrible shades
Of disease may envelope all,
As a fearful and withering pall.
“Fight it out”! “Fight it out”! never yield
Though the horrors of hell be revealed,
And you know the reward of the battle to be
Simply the garland of victory—
A chaplet of flowers fragrant and fair,
But passing and fitful as empty air;

But still "fight it out"; by yielding you may
Gain respite from struggle, mayhap, for a day,
But nothing of worth, no lasting prize,—
Ease and repose are but ills in disguise.
There may (when the campaign is ended entire
And the "rank and the file" forever cease fire,
And are sheltered in barracks narrow and still)
Be rest for the soldier, but never until
The "recall" is sounded, tents stowed away,
Destroyed every token of battle array.

And so "fight it out" in the battle of life!
Stand firm in the hours of desperate strife;
Falter not! though the direst ills assail;
Though friends deemed true in friendship fail;
Though loved ones give for love but hate,
And friends served well are friends ingrate,
And give in turn for help and gain—
Neglect, which yields the keenest pain;
Though those most honored, trusted best,
Foully betray, and when opprest
Join in with foes, in secret strife,
To mar the fairest plans of life;
When all mankind, no matter who,
Desert, as all will surely do
When fortune fails and want intrudes,
And misery's minions come in broods;—
Still falter not! still "fight it out!"—
Put all these demon ills to rout;
A triumph o'er such wretched foes,
Though won by giving furious blows,
Will be reward of greatest worth—

The highest honor gained on earth.

And "fight it out", though from the heart
The warmest, purest feelings part,
And from the mind the dreams of youth—
Visions filled with hope and truth
And glowing with effulgent gems
Plucked from Fancy's diadems,
Are swept forever quite away
By the light of the REAL of every day;
Though manhood's firmer hopes and dreams—
Bright with intellectual gleams
Which should illumine a pathway through
All barriers and all shadows to
The summit of the tower of fame,
And burn thereon a brilliant name,—
Be blasted by that fearful blight—
FAILURE! the enemy of might!

Still "fight it out"! fight to the end!
The very latest breath expend
In battling with these earthly foes;
A mortal cannot find repose
Until the last great fight is o'er,
And the soul on its way to the peaceful shore.

The pride of triumphs stoutly won
In many a fight since life begun,
Will be reward quite ample, true,
For dangers bravely struggled through.

LOOKING OVER.

Looking over old letters to-day,
Looking over the past ;
Filing old-time papers away,
With memories over-cast ;
The while my mind, in a musing vein,
Lives over some of its past again.

Looking over the days of youth,—
The spring-time of the year,—
When the air seemed filled with strength and
truth,
And the sky of hope was clear ;
Then life was full of dreams so bright
They chased the shades from sorrow's night.

Looking over those days I see
I then saw through a lens
Which pictured scenes deceitful,—
Showed pleasure's sweetest glens,
Where only gloomy caverns lay,—
Shut out from the light of pleasure's day.

These pictured friendship stout and true—,
Firm when storms assailed ;
And I have found, life's journey through,
That friendship sadly failed

In friendly mien, act or thought,
When clouds appeared misfortune fraught.

And woman's love, this fair lens through
 Appeared a glowing light,
With radiance fervent, constant, too,—
 Forever firm and bright—
In mother's, sister's, lover's heart,
Or wife's, quite free from guile or art.

But looking o'er, from truthful stand,—
 The present and the past,—
This love, 'tis proved, will not withstand
 Misfortune's keenest blast,
Unless it shines in a mother's soul,
And there it burns beyond control!

And still youth's hopes and happy dreams,
 And fancies ever fair,
Although but wildering, transient gleams,
 As fitful as the air,
Are sure the brightest, truest joys,
That life distills, or man enjoys.

The summer days of life reveal
 Passion's dangerous fires,—
Its nights do not with shades conceal
 Man's hateful, base desires ;
And these so strangely haunt the brain
That the summer of life is an age of pain.

The Winter, ah! but frost and chills,
 And life destroying storms—

Disease, infirmities, all ills
And 'pending dark alarms
Can e'en be hoped for, when his reign
Is held o'er all life's scant domain.

So, looking over the fitful past,
I find no constant joy;
Its years are mainly over cast
With clouds, which quite destroy
True happiness, and pleasure free
From taint or base impurity.

And looking over at years ahead,
With most hopeful sight,
I cannot see the hours wed
To joy, or pleasure bright;
All life seems one dark mystery,—
A page in the soul's strange history!

And now, my soul is looking o'er
THE RIVER deep,—not wide,—
Striving to scan the further shore;
Trying to measure the tide;
Hoping there's joy and peaceful rest
Beyond THE RIVER, in the clime of the blest.

COLORADO STATE.

In the lookout towers of the nations to-day,
Gazers, solemn, and wise, and gray—
Searching the fields of their visions keen,

Searching if aught that is new may be seen,
Suddenly pause, and, with glowing eyes,
Carefully scan the Western skies ;
They sagely peer through the mystic air
That shrouds the "Plains" so broad and fair ;
Through purple tints that softly lie
On mountain tops sublimely high,—
Through the burnished gold and ocean blue—
That radiant, wondrous, beauteous hue
Which tints far Western skies with light
Strangely pure, and heavenly bright.
They gaze through these to the brown and gray
Of the plains and mesas, and still away
To the dark blue shade, and purple deep
Of the Rocky Mountains, grand and steep !
And as they gaze, these mountains high,
These broad gray plains and mesas nigh,
The rivers, streams, and valleys sweet,
Together blend and strangely meet
And form a grand and radiant State
Named COLORADO,—bright and great !

These gazers, solemn, wise and gray,
On lookout towers, far away,
Gladly hail this new born son
Of our great nation, which has won
The world's best love ; and everywhere
True, honest men will offer prayer
That Colorado State may be
A sovereign always—firm and free !
This State, with mines of precious gold,

And silver pure, with wealth untold,
With fertile vales and verdant plains,
Must never feel a tyrant's chains!
Her rulers must be pure and just,
And never foster lecherous lust,
Or greed for bribery-gotten gold,
For which so many souls are sold.
All Colorado's sons, to-day,
Hail our State with joy, and may
She always shine a brilliant star,
Honored by nations near and far!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF "FREDDIE,"
A NEPHEW AGED ABOUT FOUR YEARS.

I do not doubt that beyond the dark river
There lies a radiant, glorious land,
And I feel that the righteous, infinite Giver
Of choicest gifts, brightens its strand
With wondrous beauties,—effulgent rare,—
Blessed and perfect beyond compare.

And I know that Christ, with love unbounded,
Reigns supreme in this heavenly clime;
And that all with Him are forever surrounded
By sweetest pleasures, pure, sublime;
And I know my heart's true core—my boy—
Dwells in that land of eternal joy!

I dare not question the right of the Giver
 To claim back, while the gift is pure,—
 My precious gem;—I must deliver
 Back to my God this treasure, sure;
 But all the while my life blood chills;—
 It is my heart that death now kills!

I know that HE has ever a right to chaſten;
 I dare not doubt his mercy—love—
 Still I feel if prayer would surely hasten
 My ſpirit's flight to the world above,
 I would moſt deeply, wildly pray
 To meet my boy in heaven, to-day.

This may be wrong, but my brain is riven;
 Grief hurls fair reaſon from its throne;
 But Chriſt will ſee this wrong forgiven,—
 He trod the wine preſs all alone,
 And knows the piercing, deadly ſmart
 That burns the ſorrow-ſtricken heart.

They tell me that I ſhould not ſorrow,—
 Should not mourn, ſhould ſhed no tear;—
 What if the day is dark?—the morrow
 May be cloudleſs, bright and clear;—
 Not mourn, when death has ta'en my boy?
 Rob'd life of its brighteſt hope and joy!

As well ſay to the mighty ocean,
 When the winds are raging wild,
 “Still your dreadful, fierce commotion,
 (7)

Be like lakelets, calm and mild."
I must shed tears! my heart will bleed!
I must bemourn Death's horrid greed!

Why this rare child—my heart's best treasure—
Flesh of my flesh—life of my life!—
Was loved with a love beyond all measure—
A love with which my soul is rife!
His life made mine one joyous day,—
His death, a dismal night, always.

But I must pray, and God will hear me!
Pray for patience—pray for grace—
Pray for heavenly hope to cheer me—
'Till I shall see his angel face
Shining radiant—wondrous bright;—
Christ's love the source of this true light.

THE DEAD-BEAT'S DREAM.*

A PARODY—(LOCAL.)

The "Dead-Beat" slept in a chair
By "Dexter's" stove, red-hot,
But his sleep was restless and troubled much,
For wierd fancies brought
To his nasal organ the fumes of a drink,
Of a drink that he had not.

At last he started up
 And gazed with a wistful air
 On "Dexter's" pate, that a cruel fate
 Had robbed of half its hair ;
 But read in "Paul's" face—without the stamps
 Nary a "drink" was there.

His heart was weary and sad,
 His anguish deep and extreme,
 While he anxiously watched "Paul's" gloomy
 face
 For one relenting gleam ;
 But he found it not ; then loudly called
 For "Tholen", in his dream.

But "Tholen" did not come ;
 No office-seekers were round,
 For election day was far away ;
 Nor word, nor sign, nor sound
 That meant, "step up and take a drink",
 Was heard from those around.

And, oh! you bummers old
 Who stood in that smoky room,
 With bloated forms and noses red,—
 And cheeks with brandy's bloom ;
 Could not you think how a single drink
 Would cheer the "dead-beat's" gloom.

But the drink he did not get—
 The drink he madly craves ;
 So he dreamt a horrid dream, at last,

Of dead men in their graves;
Of bloated corpses buried deep
Beneath oblivion's waves.

And the corpses, one by one,
With foot-steps sad and slow,
Marched outward from their horrid graves
And wandered to and fro,—
A ghastly, grim, and loathsome train—
A sad and sickening show.

These marched around the room—
Dead men, "dead-beats", and all
Marshaled by a horrid fiend
Clothed in a funeral pall:
Disease, and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,
Around about them all.

Then the fiend called on the drinks,
And the "Dead-Beat" and the dead
Crowded together around the "bar"
And not a word was said,
But each drank down a fiery draught,
As hot as molten lead.

The fiend had mixed the drinks
From murderers' blood, and tears
Shed by the murderer's victim's child
Through many wretched years,—
Neglected by a selfish world,
Exposed to a wanton's jeers.

But this grim and ghastly crew,
With neither word or cry,
Drank down the loathsome, burning draught,
And still their throats were dry;
Then the demon bid them quench their thirst
In "bust-head" or "red-eye".

No need of sulphur lake,—
No need of fiery coal
To burn the core of the human heart,
Or sear the sinful soul;—
The liquid fires men quaff at will
Burn on beyond control.

When the "red-eye" draught was drunk
The "Dead-Beat's" dream had fled;
Instead of the demon, "Paul" stood there,
The bummers instead of the dead;
But his heart was touched by this horrid
dream,
After the phantoms had fled.

And he thought of year's misspent,—
The human sorrow and smart
He caused the friends who loved him well;
Of his mother's broken heart,—
And then resolved all through his life
To act a nobler part.

He clasped his fevered hands
And the the tears began to stream—

Large and bitter and fast they fell—
Remorse was so extreme ;
And yet he thanked his God that he
Had dreamed just such a dream.

*—First published in the *Leavenworth Commercial* in 1869. The names used are genuine.

OUT IN THE NIGHT.

It may have been lust and passions vile,
But I don't believe it quite,
That drove that childish—shrinking girl,
Out in the horrid night ;—
That childish girl out in the night—
Shunning the street lamps' glaring light,
To hide the stain and sickly blight
Of youthful charms that must be sold
To beastly lust, for lecherous gold.

It may have been lust and passions vile,
That lured her out in the night ;
But I watched her careworn, hollow cheek,
And I can't believe it quite.—
Her lips so thin and closely pressed—
Her eyes that shone with wild unrest,
Her modest, shrunken, covered breast,—
Such eyes, or lips, or breast, or cheeks,
Not of lustful passion speaks.

Out in the night she wandered on,
Out in the horrid night,
Trying to sell her blighted charms,—
It was a saddening sight ;
But it was not passion's giddy flaunt ;
But wretched, hopeless, meagre want,—
Hunger and famine, grim and gaunt,
That drove her out in the cruel night,
To sell her charms for a wretched mite.

And I wondered if yonder fair, proud girl—
Gazing out in the night,
With radiant eyes and 'witching charms—
Dazzling, rare and bright —
Gazing out from splendor's home,
With mirrored walls and frescoed dome,
Where only wealth and plenty roam ; —
Knew the wanderer of the night,
Must sell her charms for a wretched mite.

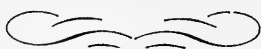
And I wondered still, as I wandered by
A church with stately tower ;
Reared on high by pompous wealth—
More than a prince's dower,
And saw within its chancel wide,
A strangely fair and youthful bride,
With gray-haired bridegroom by her side ;
If she had learned the fearful blight,
That follows sales of charms by night.

If you fair girl and fairer bride,
Have radiant charms for sale

To lustful wealth through marriage vows,
Are they much less frail
Than she who wanders in the night,
Cursed with horrid crime and blight —
Shunning e'en the street lamps' light,
And sells her charms to bloated lust
To buy a shelter and a crust?

We do not shun the proud and fair,
Who sell in fashion's mart,
Then why despise the wretched girl,
With broken, bleeding heart;—
Houseless, shivering, starving, quite
Shrinking—shuddering from affright,
At insults shameless, loud and bold,
That must be borne, if charms be sold!

I tell you, mothers of this land,
You must redress the wrong;
Begin by stopping sales at home,
Then help the wretched throng
Who walk the dreary streets at night,
To free their souls from shame and blight,
And walk again in virtue's light.
Out in the night—be strong to save
These wanderers from a hopeless grave!



TO NETTIE.

I thought I had quite forgotten you, child !
 A child ten years ago—
 Pretty, piquant, joyous and wild,
 And loved by all, you know.

Just WHY we loved you 'twas hard to tell—
 You were not wondrous fair,
 But you wove 'round all a potent spell,
 With charms both bright and rare.

We who loved you in those old days—
 The WE I talk of here
 Were not mere boys, but men whose ways
 Led down through many a year :

Years of strange, eventful life,
 In foreign lands, I ween,—
 Fraught with sorrows, joys and strife,
 And many a stirring scene.

Soldiers were we, too—stern, staunch men—
 Ready to meet the foe ;
 And we loved the childish "NETTIE" then—
 This was ten years ago !

I thought I had quite forgotton the child ;
 There's been much to make me forget—
 Storms of trouble, fierce and wild,
 That surge around me yet ;

And death, and sorrow's deepest gloom,
A wilderness of woe—
All gone, love's flowers that used to bloom
'Round me ten years ago.

I thought I had forgotten you quite,
Till I met you on State street, to-day,
When I knew your smile, so sweet and bright,
And your pretty, piquant way.

Much the same as they used to be,
Just ten years ago ;
Only saddened, it seemed to me—
There's grief for all, we know.

I knew you at once, and walked by your side
A half a square or so,
Thinking of all your beauty's pride,
But ten years ago.

And though your face was bright and fair,
And pure as driven snow,
I saw plain marks of sorrow there,
Made since ten years ago.

So, you see, I have not forgotten, quite,
The "NETTIE" loved so well,
Whose presence brought us joy and light
And many a pleasing spell,—
That made us old men young again,
Rolled back the years, you know,

And freed our lives from grief and pain—
This was ten years ago.

You had forgotten me, 'twas plain—
This is not strange, I know;
But still it gave a moment's pain,
To be forgotten so—

By "NETTIE", whom we loved so well
Just ten years ago;
Whose youth and beauty wove a spell
Not broken yet, I know.

AN ACROSTIC.

Sweet dreams of youth—how beautiful you are,
And yet how swift you pass for e'er away!
Replete, to-day, with all that's bright and fair,
And ere the morrow's sun, your beauties all
decay.

How lovely are the earliest flowers of Spring—
Fragrance and freshness breathe from every leaf;
E'en these must pass away on "noiseless wing"!

Learn, lady, then, that Beauty's life is brief,
Lest 'tis that loftier beauty of the mind,
On which the angels gaze with raptured eye,
Which sure is virtue's gift, in heart of hearts
enshrined;—

Such beauty, friend, is thine, and ne'er can fade
or die.

THE NATAL STAR.

'Twas night, far away on Eastern plains,
Many and many a year ago,
When a group of sages bivouaced there,
Watching the wondrous, mystic glow
Of a star whose beams shone strangely bright,
Refulgent with prophetic light.

These wise men knew the stars of night,
Had mapped the heavens, revealed the laws
That ruled the shining worlds above ;
They knew, too, that the "Great First Cause"
Would send a star, supremely bright,
To light the heavens Christ's natal night.

So on the plains they lay, this night,
Watching the dark, mysterious skies,
With holy thoughts within their souls,
Prophetic vision in their eyes ;
And well they knew this star to be
The sign of Christ's nativity.

Ah, wondrous light ! grand, glorious gem,
Set in the silver crown of night,—
Thy radiance shed a glow of hope
Divinely pure and bright,
That still illumines each human soul
Who strives to gain the heavenly goal.

The wise men, guided by this star,
Found where the infant Christ was laid,
And round the humble couch they stood,
And deep obeisance paid ;
While all the stars in heaven's broad span
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to man".

This star, the "Star of Bethlehem",
Shines bright in heaven to-night,—
A true and faithful guide 'tis still
To all who seek a sight
Of Christ;—not in the humble natal stall,
But in high heaven's grandest hall.

LINES.

The heart of the nation beats sadly,
Columbia's brow is o'ercast,
And storm-clouds lower darkly,
Surcharged with direful blast.

And patriots shrink at the dangers
That threaten the good ship of State —
As she struggles with terrible tempests,
As drear as the caverns of fate.

And the Captain, to whom is entrusted
The charge of this noble Bark,
Is not at his post in this hour
Of peril, dreadful and dark.

Nor is he skillful in guiding
The national ship over seas
That are fearful, when ruled by the storm-king,
But gentle, when kissed by a breeze.

This Captain is Grant, and his Faction
The crew who stand on the deck,
When the ship is threatened with breakers,
That may leave her a hopeless wreck!

But the PEOPLE have come to the rescue—
They love the Bark, staunch and true;
And they'll place on her deck a new Captain,
And man her with a brave crew.

This Captain,—honest old GREELEY—
The NATIONAL PARTY the crew;
The ship then, will surely float always,
And prove herself gallant and true!

Then cheers for the National party!
Huzzah for GREELEY and BROWN!
Who will save the nation from peril,
And trample the Grant faction down!

LITTLE ALLIE.

It may be merely a fancy,
She may not be heavenly fair,
But I always hear when I'm near her
Angel-wings rustling the air.

I may be wrong, but I care not,
When I think her pure as a ray
Of radiant light from the "glory,"
That shines 'round our Saviour alway.

I may be thought to be trifling,
With sacred themes when I dare,
Thus to compare little Allie
With the holiest things that are ;

But if you knew her as I do,
How free her soul is from guile,
How spotless and pure her life is —
Chaste as a vestal's smile ;

You would not blame me for mingling
Her name with the holiest themes—
Comparing her cherub-like beauty
With the light of heavenly gleams.

And sure little Allie, our baby,
Is a ray from heaven above,
God-sent to this world of sorrow,
To chasten an earthly love.

Nestle close to my heart little Allie,
Lay your soft, downy cheek on my breast,
With you in my arms, life is sacred,
And I am wonderfully blest !



AMNESTY.

'Midst the terrible din of battle,
'Midst maddening scenes of strife,
A fallen foe is sacred,—
No soldier strikes at his life!

When the wild, hot blood of passion
Maddens the warrior's brain,
He spares the foe who surrenders,
Though he tramples on foemen slain.

No brave man stains his honor
With the blood of a conquered foe,
Cowards alone do battle
With foeman fallen low.

Then why should our brave Northmen
Trample the sons of the South,—
Though they faced them in ranks of battle
And fought at their cannon's mouth.

Now that the battle is over,
And they have laid down their arms,
Conquered, submissive and humble—
Enduring a thousand harms!

The Blue o'er the Gray is triumphant,
And the Blue is gallant, I know,—

Still it keeps the heel of the tyrant
On the neck of this fallen foe.

But no longer this foul stain will tarnish
Laurels triumphantly won ;
The reign of the tyrant is over,
The race of oppression is run !

For AMNESTY, grand and forgiving,
Benignant, noble and true,
Binds the hearts of the Gray foe forever
To the noble souls of the Blue.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF MIDDLE PARK.

DEDICATED TO

WM. N. BYERS, ESQ., A PIONEER EXPLORER OF THE "PARKS."

The thorax and the pelvic space
Of the grand old Rocky range
Are the vasty, ever-beauteous "parks"—
Features fair and strange ;
Peculiar to this giant "chain"
Which holds the continent's vast brain !

The "parks" are plateaus, resting high
Above the western plains,
Inclosing grassy meads and vales
And pleasant tree-clad chains
(8)

Of undulating, graceful hills,—
Glad with the melody of rills.

These rills and mountain brooks form streams
Whose waters, sparkling bright,
United form the rivers great
Which flow, with grace and might,
Westward and east across the land,
And onward to the oceans grand.

Besides, within these parks so fair
Are groves and lovely dells,
And grottos filled with fossils rare,
In which the story dwells
Of myriad ages e're the sun
His fiery race had first begun.

And rarest birds, with plumage bright,
Carol amidst the trees
Of every grove and forest deep,
And every sturdy breeze
That rustles these, bears health and joy
And pleasure, without base alloy.

The parks are firmly walled about
By mountains, grand and high,
With rugged, cragged granite sides,
And peaks against the sky;—
The gates in these are cañons deep
Through which bold rivers wildly leap.

The "Middle Park" is the thorax broad
Of this giant, rocky chain,—
The fairest and the richest space
Within this grand domain;—
Here throbs the giant's mighty heart,
Sending life blood to every part.

This heart is a strange and gracious source
Of life blood very pure—
A living, loving, generous spring,
Whose waters are a cure
For most the painful ills of life
Which battle health with fearful strife.

And the curious legendary lore
Of a famous Indian tribe
Includes a legend, quaint and strange,
Which I will here transcribe,
From which, it seems, fair spells impart
Healing gifts to the blood of this heart.

THE LEGEND.

Many a thousand moons ago
The Utes were a mighty race,—
Their chiefs the kings of many lands,
Broad as the bounds of space,
The thrones of these,—bold mountain peaks,
Round which the wildest tempest shrieks.

Their warriors—wondrous stout and brave—
Outnumbered all the stars,
And each had won a hundred scalps

In many desperate wars ;
Great, and fierce and bold, were these,
And tall and grand as stately trees.

The mightiest chieftain of this tribe
Was a warrior very old
And very wise, and good and true,
And stout and staunch and bold ;
But still, a lover firm of peace,
Who prayed all wars and strife would cease.

But the younger chieftains of the Utes
Loved the battle's strife,—
Their blood was hot with martial flames,
Their fiery brains were rife
With fiercest, bloody, wild desires,—
Their passions burned like blasting fires.

Besides, the boldest of these chiefs—
A comely, youthful brave,
(Famed for mighty deeds in war)
And passion's fiercest slave,—
Hoped to win by fame in strife
A much loved princess for his wife.

So, sore against the old chief's will
By council fires declared,
These younger warriors planned a war
For which they soon prepared,
Against the Indians of the plains—
The Arapahoes in their own domains.

And now, prophetic vision true
Inspired the old chief's sight;—
The rustling winds and glittering stars,
And sun-rays, clear and bright,
With mystic voices thrilled his ear
And bid strange future scenes appear.

So, he beheld his warriors brave
Before the storm of battle driven
As autumn leaves before the blast,—
Their ranks of battle riven
As lightnings pierce the mountain side,
Opening fissures deep and wide.

As melted snows by summer sun
His braves would fade away;
As tempests fierce, and bold, and strong,
With wild, relentless sway,
Fell the mountain pine trees tall,
This war would fell his warriors all.

This vision strange the wise old chief
Portrayed to all his tribe;
With savage eloquence, most grand,
Their fate he did describe,
Should they engage in this wild war
With tribes upon the plains afar.

But all in vain—there must be war,
And he must lead his braves,
Be it to triumphs—as of old—
Or into bloody graves;—

So down there rolled from Middle Park
A storm of battle, fierce and dark.

The Arapahoes, both firm and brave,
Met this battle-cloud,
And soon the thunders deare of war—
Terrible and loud—
Rolled wildly o'er the bloody plain,
And carnage ruled with fearful reign.

The Utes fought stoutly, bravely, well,
But lost the fight at last;
Ten thousand of their stoutest braves
Fell 'neath the deadly blast
That raged throughout this dreadful day,
While sternest battle held the sway.

This wise old chieftain did not fall,
But sadly, bravely led
The remnant of his mighty tribe
(Though many deep wounds bled)
Up to the shelter of the hills,
Far from further hurts and ills.

But now his noble heart was sad,
For still his fiercest chiefs
Talked of bloody, fierce revenge;
So, burdened with great griefs,
He bade farewell to wives and all,
And fled away beyond recall.

His wounds were bleeding when he fled
 Up the mountain bold,
 His noble, faithful soul, too, bled—
 Sorrows, deep, controlled
 His generous mind while he sped on,
 Until a favorite cave was won.

Within a mountain, stern and high,
 Above the Middle Park,
 This cave was formed amidst the rocks—
 'Twas lonely, dank and dark ;
 But here he built his tepee warm,
 Secure from every blasting storm.

His tribe had sorely sinned, he knew,
 Had wronged him deeply, too,
 But had been punished for its crimes
 Until its braves were few;—
 So he forgave each wrong and crime,
 Though he must leave it for all its time.

But still he would some precious gift
 Bestow upon the race—
 Some worthy, useful, perfect boon,
 That time could not efface ;
 So, there he prayed to Manitou
 To grant a favor, great and true.

The mighty spirit—wondrous, grand—
 That rules the earth and air,
 Heard this prayer, and answered it
 With gift beyond compare,—

A potent, generous, noble charm
To drive from earth the direst harm.

This harm is dread disease, an ill
Most dreaded by mankind;
A foe that battles manly strength,—
That filches from the mind
Its truest force, its brightest flame,
And makes a man a thing of shame.

This spell the spirit gave the chief;
He wisely did bestow
The potent, mystic, pleasing charm
Upon the springs which flow
Through Middle Park; so their waters bear
Healing gifts beyond compare.

To rob these healing waters pure
Of chills from frost and snow,
The chieftain built his tepee fires
Above their constant flow;—
And now the springs are warm, you see,
And from impurities quite free.

And all the mountain Indians know
These waters heal disease,
And cherish pleasant thoughts, as well,
And foster dreams which please;
And when afflicted seek these springs
'Round which such hopeful glamour clings.

* * * * *

This good old chief still lives, I hear,
 Within his mountain cave,
His tepee fires burn on still;
 But not the boldest brave
Dare climb the mountain, high and bold,
Claimed by this warrior, gray and old.

All legendary lore may be
 Fabulous, I know,
But still the stubborn fact remains
 That healing waters flow
Through Middle Park, from Sulphur Springs,
And 'round these still this rare charm clings.

THE CENTENNIAL STATE TO COLUMBIA.

I come to thee, fair radiant queen
 Of the greatest realm of earth;
A nation free and grand, I ween,
 Of purest, noblest birth;
America's most cherished child,
Ne'er by a tyrant's chain defiled.

I come this fair centennial year,
 This epoch wondrous, grand;
This anniversary most dear
 To all who love our land;
To offer homage at thy feet,
And claim allegiance, true, complete.

You ask my name, and why I came,
That offerings I bring;
And why I such allegiance claim,
Why I would fondly cling
To thee, through all the coming years,
To share thy joys, dispel thy fears?

And I will answer, beauteous queen
Of a nation passing fair;
My name shines with a golden sheen,
Wondrous, pure and rare:
'Tis Colorado! strange, but great,
The latest born, CENTENNIAL STATE!

I come because I love the free,
Despise all tyrants' chains,
And know that freedom dwells with thee;
And in thy broad domains
Dwell all her noblest, truest sons;
Thine is a land oppression shuns.

From whence I come? What gifts bring I?
Beyond the western plains
Are rocky mountains, bold and high,
Where grandeur proudly reigns,
And beauty lingers, charmed the while,
By scenes that woo her sweetest smile.

Within these fairest valleys rest,
And grandest "parks" repose—
Retreats the gods have strangely blest,
In which a radiance glows—

Refulgent, pure, a glorious light,
Revealing treasures rich and bright.

Treasures of ores, of glittering gold
And silver, lustrous, pure—
Of soils that yield a thousand fold,
Of wealth that must endure;
Treasures real, vast and grand,
Not mythic yields of magic wand.

Besides these charming parks and vales
Within the "Rockies" bold,
Great rivers flow, swiftly as gales,
Grandly as ocean old,
And rippling brooks and peaceful streams,
With waters bright as fair moonbeams.

Near, "foot-hills" rise and plains expand,
And "mesas" stretch away,
All forming a most glorious land,—
I come from this to-day;—
This region vast, beyond the "plains,"
Where health and thrift and plenty reigns.

The gifts I offer—see how rare,
How precious, rich and bright,
Hoards of golden ore so fair,
They dazzle eager sight!
Wealth to buy—sad but true—
The Cabinet, and Congress too.

And untold stores of silver ores,
Pure as mother's love,

And precious as a prayer that soars
Up to the realms above
From out a vestal virgin's soul,
To sway the gods with sweet control.

I offer cities, proud and fair,
And numerous lovely towns,
And mining camps, which proudly wear
Wealth's richest, brightest crowns,
And villages, and herds and fields
That always grant most bounteous yields.

More than a hundred thousand souls,
I offer you to-day;—
Generous, noble, trusting souls,
Not cultured, you may say;
But sturdy, brave and mostly true,
And honest, too, I promise you.

And schools and churches, mills and mines,
And roads o'er hills and plains,
And many thriving railway lines
Across my broad domains;
And printing presses, steam impelled,
By brains inspired, not excelled.

And over all a beauteous sky,
Wondrous clear and bright,
Purple blue, like love-lit eye,
That tint which yields delight;
A sky but seldom cloud o'er cast,
Or marred by dark and direful blast.

And thus I come, most noble queen,
 The new CENTENNIAL STATE,
 This fair centennial year, I ween,
 An era wondrous great;
 And trust you will receive me now,
 A gem, to deck thy radiant brow.

THE PROSPECTOR'S DREAM.

In a hut of boughs from the mountain pine,
 On a lofty range near the "timber line",
 He lay and slept,—a strange old man
 Whose brow was furrowed deep with scars
 From desperate strife in life's wild wars,
 His cheeks time-stained and wan.

His massive, brawny, iron form,
 Bowed like the oak in mountain storm,
 Shows marks of wondrous power;
 His bared and sinewy arms reveal
 Thews, like bands of tempered steel,
 'Neath which the foe must cower.

His locks, that erst were soft and fair,
 Now thinned by toil in mountain air
 And greyed by frosts of time,
 Though all unkempt and scattered o'er
 His pillow on the cabin floor,
 Speak of some milder clime;—

Some far-off eastern clime, perchance,
With maids whose blue eyes' softest glance
Still haunt his brightest dreams ;
'Though years, stern years of toil and change
In cañon wild, on mountain range,
Have dimmed soft Fancy's gleams.

E'en now he dreams !—A sweet smile steals
O'er his stern features, and reveals
The sleeper's visions bright :—
He is a boy again ! and cloys
His fancy with the 'wilderer joys
Of youth and love and light.

He breathes a name—the dear, fond name
Of some fair girl. “I do not blame
You now, dear, wayward child,
That years ago you spurned my love,
Though, by the gods that rule above,
My love was deep, and wild.

“You could not love me then, you said,—
This drove me mad ; I wildly prayed
For death, but could not find
That grand panacea for all ills—
That cure for passion's wildest thrills,
Which leaves no dreams behind.

“But I have found in years of strife,
In foreign climes, with dangers rife,
Forgetfulness of all but thee,—
As thou wert then, a happy girl,

With laughing eye and golden curl
And heart so pure and free.

“And my deep love, that still lives on,
Though I have falsely wooed and won
The heart of many a maid:—
The first, a dark Italian child,
With passions fierce and deep, and wild,
And dark as mountain's shade.

“I won, then flung the toy away,
Well knowing I might dearly pay
For handling liquid fire;—
I caught her dagger's point just there,
In this right arm—you see the scar?
Then spurned her in my ire.

“The next”, a cloud was on his brow,
His sleep disturbed—“I would not now
Reveal her noble name;
The daughter of an honored race,
A noble girl, with beauteous face,—
Her story: love and shame.

“The next, ah! she was wondrous fair—
With azure eyes and lustrous hair,
And heart so pure and true
I might have spared her, but my soul
Was drunken from foul passion's bowl,
And she was ruined, too.

“She was the last. In wilder scenes
Of war and strife I sought the means

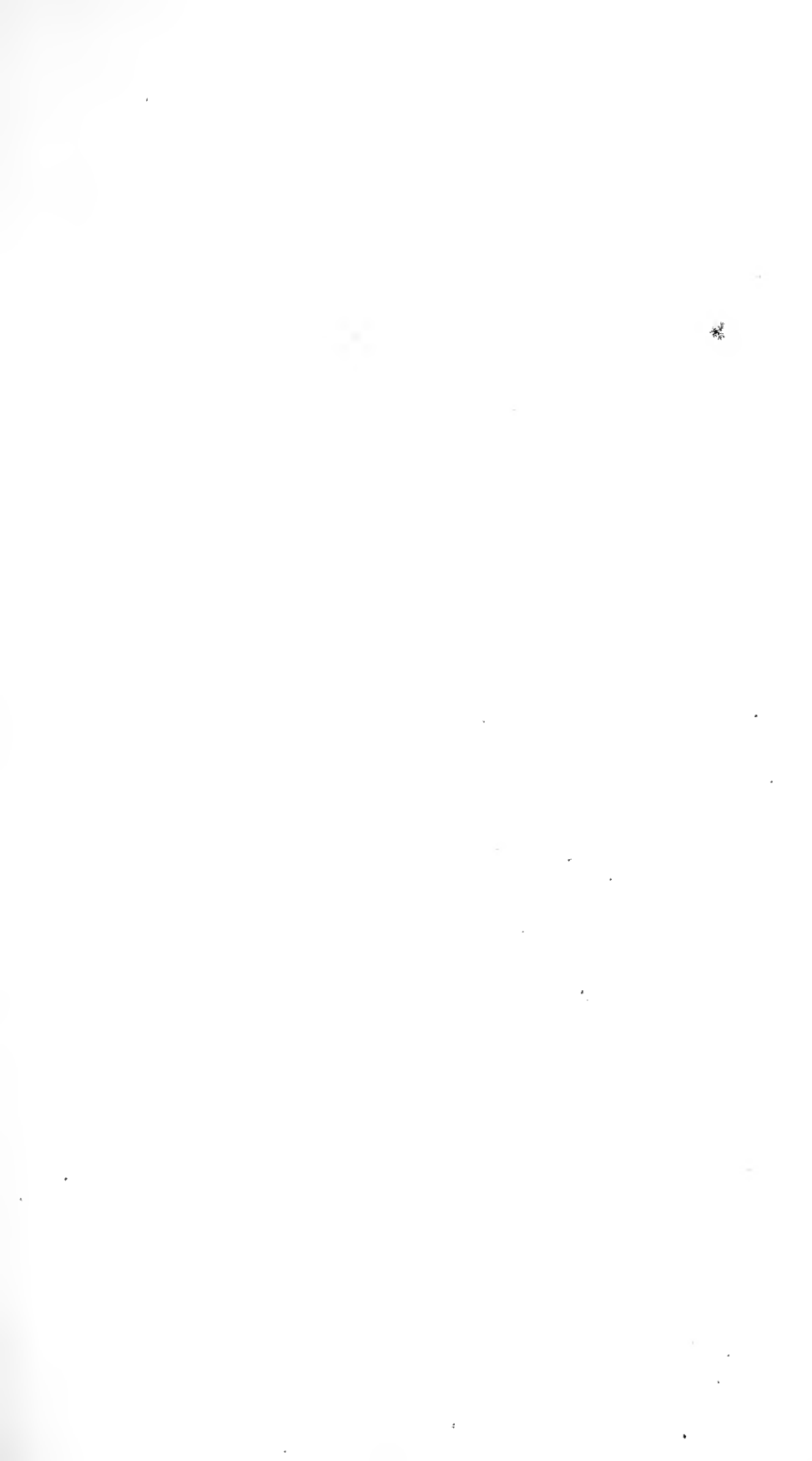
To cure my maddened brain !
I found the battle-field, and stood
Knee-deep in patriot's rich life blood,
And slept amongst the slain.

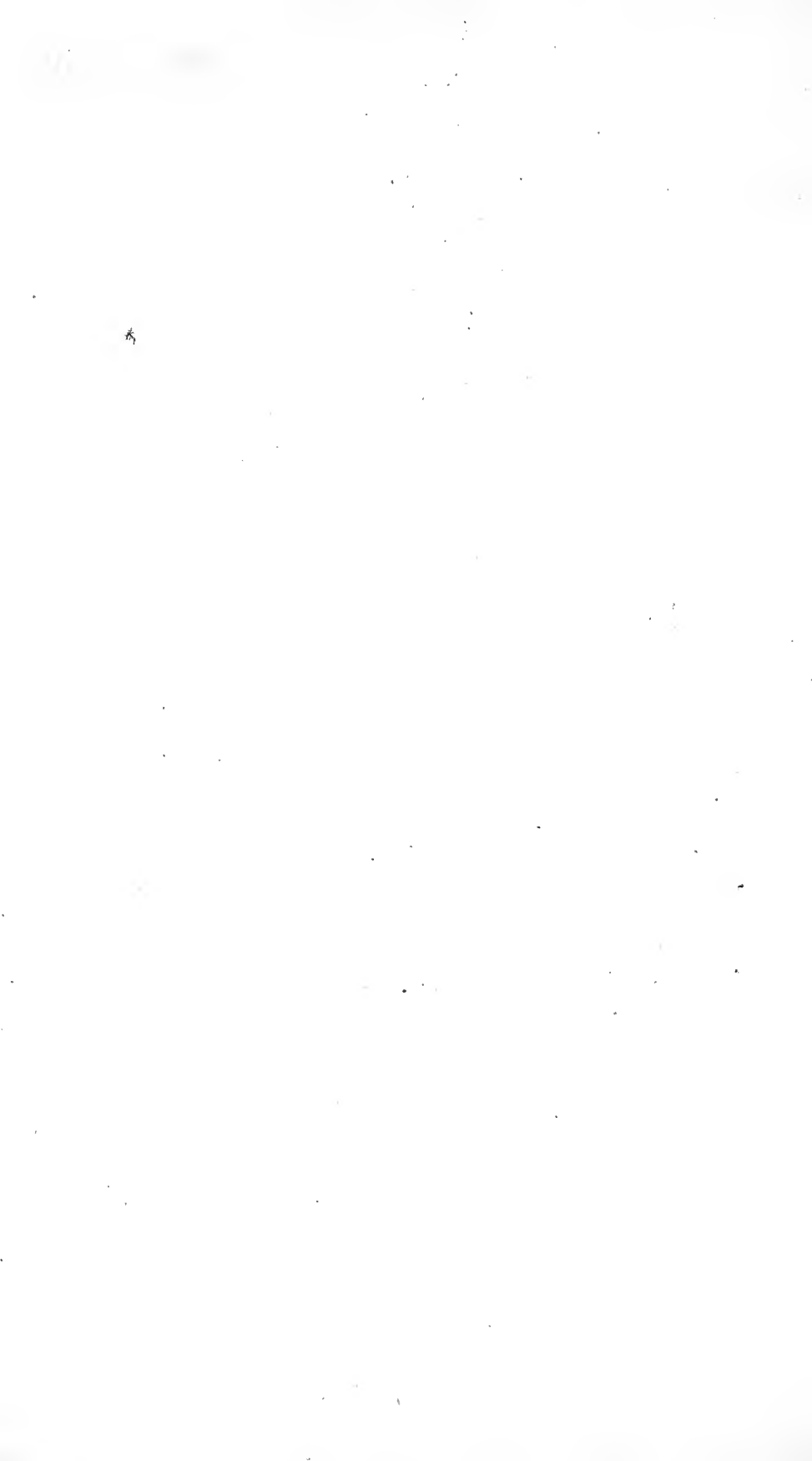
"Such scenes, and years have wrought the charm
That stills my passions fiercest storm—
Makes this wild love a dream ;
And I have sought this land of gold,
And climb these mountains, rough and bold,
To find where treasures gleam.

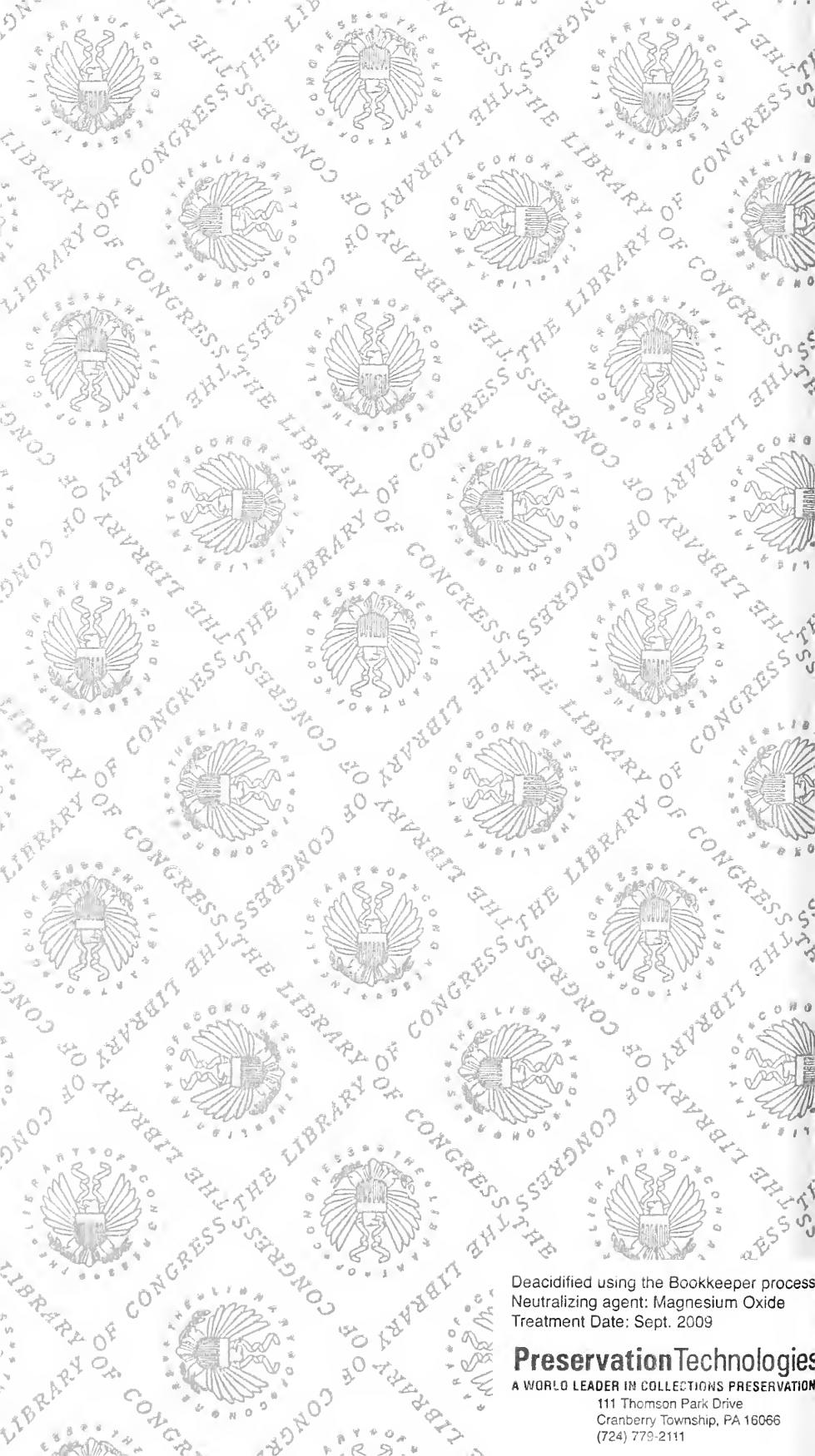
"Pure gold and silver—rare and bright—
(Though hidden, far from human sight,
In crevice close and deep,)
Shine 'neath these rocks, and I will find
These treasures Nature has confined
In mountains wild and steep.

"Then radiant wealth will yield the power
To give to thee a princely dower,
And gems will deck thy hair ;
Though well I know 'tis greyed with years,
In my bright vision it appears
Golden and soft and fair."

Brilliant sunbeams filtered through
The cabin's roof of boughs, and threw
Their radiance on his brow,
And scattered gems through his grey hair,
Of wondrous lustre, pure and rare ;
His dream was over now.







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